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CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES—

Chronicle	241
Lord Rosebery	244
France in a Peaceful Mood	245
O!	246
Mr. Gladstone's Retirement.....	247
Anti-Everything on Tour	248
The Duke of Devonshire at Yeovil	249
Tonguester Government	249
Contempt of Court	250

MISCELLANEOUS—

Secret Arms	250
Money Matters	252
Encores	253
Chess Notes	254
The Theatres	255
A New Light	256

REVIEWS—

Yoruba Religion	256
Novels.....	257
Some German Book-Plates	258
Beni Hasan II.	259

Burke's Life of Benito Juarez.....	259
Stanford's London Atlas and other Books of Geography	260
Tales of a Nomad	261
The Story of the Sun	262
Two Books on Music	262
The Original Inhabitants of India.	263
Old Dorset	265
The Flowering Plants of India ...	265
French Literature	265
New Books and Reprints.....	266

ADVERTISEMENTS..... 268-272

CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. **THE** Upper House sat yesterday week for a brief period, but there was no business for it to do, though a question was asked and answered about Swaziland.

Both Houses met on *Monday* to listen to one of the shortest *QUEEN'S* Speeches, after quite the longest Session, on record. *HER MAJESTY* was simply made to say that she was very sorry for the hard work and the short holidays, and that she "anticipated last-
ing advantage from the extension which has been
"given to the principles of Local Government so
"closely associated with the national history." This
is, we suppose, a sort of new reading of *Mors janua
vita*; you extend a system by putting an end to it.

Politics out of At last, on the morning of this day week, Parliament. the agony of the quidnuncs was somewhat abated by the positive and apparently official statement that Mr. GLADSTONE, who had gone to Windsor, would have an audience of the *QUEEN* that afternoon to resign formally (or, as they would have said in better days, to "give up the White Staff"), and that Lord ROSEBERY had been warned. So they set to work with greater zest than ever on the new business of cabinet-making. Very comic letters from Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. JOHN ELLIS were published saying that, if the Abomination of Desolation in the shape of a peer were made to stand where it ought not, they would do they knew not exactly what, but things dreadful and divers. It must be rather annoying when you are setting out for a wild career against the House of Lords to find that, in the general opinion, the best leader for that *chevauchée* is a peer, and the next best a peer, and the third best a peer also. As for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, all we can say is that any Unionist who did not pray for his premiership must have been mad. But it was obviously hopeless.

The arrangements foreshadowed were carried out on Saturday, when Mr. GLADSTONE having resigned, Lord ROSEBERY was duly sent for and accepted the Prime Ministership. It was said that all his colleagues would continue to serve under him. The battle of the "Peer-Premier" was, however, kept up on Monday, when Sir DONALD MACFARLANE (who also is a titled man) sweetly pleaded for the Peers, while a Unionist member (who must be either a very foolish person or a very heavy joker) suggested that his party should adopt

the cry, and when opportunity comes postpone both Lord SALISBURY and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE to Mr. BALFOUR. Mr. BALFOUR is not likely to be in any hurry, and if Unionists are going to join in playing ducks and drakes with the British Constitution, we really do not know why they should trouble themselves about the Union itself. Irish opinion was not sanguine about Home Rule, while foreign comments on the changes came, exactly as might have been expected, from the enemies or the well-willers (she can hardly be said to have any friends) of England respectively. The National Liberal Federation issued a manifesto eulogistic of Mr. GLADSTONE, and the London Liberal and Radical Union held a meeting in the same sense, at which Mr. GEORGE HOWELL, M.P., talked gracefully of "the old lady at Windsor." There was hissing at this, and it was not unnaturally asked why Mr. CAUSTON, who is in *HER MAJESTY'S* service, and who presided, did not protest at it. But it is said the hissers hissed Mr. HOWELL; and we will hope so. The Shipping Federation had replied to the Trade-Union Parliamentary Committee in the matter of the Employers' Liability Bill.

The arrangements of Lord ROSEBERY (who kissed hands on Monday) were somewhat interfered with by the death on Sunday of Lord TWEEDMOUTH and the consequent inclusion of Mr. MARJORIBANKS in the Assembly of the Wicked. His place as Whip was taken by Mr. THOMAS ELLIS: "a Nonconformist he." The new Premier had chosen as his second string of office, now fashionable with Prime Ministers, the Presidency of the Council, which, says the *Daily News*, with a thrill of genuine pride, "will enable him to
"walk out of a room before Dukes." It would also enable him, if he chose, to moderate the rancour of Mr. ARTHUR ACLAND towards the institution he has deserted. Lord KIMBERLEY was to go to the Foreign Office, where he will be, at any rate, better than another, and Mr. FOWLER to India. There are worse men in the Ministry than Mr. FOWLER. Mr. MORLEY is still tied to his Irish stake; he either could not or would not fly.

On Wednesday morning it was said that Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE would take Mr. FOWLER's place at the Local Government Board. The disabilities which Providence has imposed upon Mr. LEFEVRE are not so much in the way of administration as in that of argument, and he will not make a more characteristic specimen of himself

in the House as representing Local Government than as representing Works. The rest was gossip. It was said that Mr. SHAW, member for the Border Burghs, would succeed Mr. ASHER, who had resigned the Scotch Solicitor-Generalship. This would vacate a third seat, besides those emptied by the peerages of Mr. MARJORIBANKS and Mr. RENDEL. But the most interesting and important political matter in the morning papers was to be found in a speech of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE's, at Yeovil. In this the Liberal-Unionist Leader said the usual proper and pleasant things of Mr. GLADSTONE and of Lord ROSEBURY. But he then took occasion to say things which, while equally proper from our point of view, can hardly have been equally pleasant from theirs. He pointed out that it was utterly absurd to fix a quarrel with the House of Lords on any matter but Home Rule, and worse than absurd to do so when the opportunity of going to the country on that question had been shirked. And then avowing, with odd but characteristic candour, that perhaps his conduct and that of his immediate followers had not been "very heroic" on the Parish Councils Bill, he promised uncompromising opposition, not merely to Home Rule itself, but to any "gerrymandering Registration Bill" that might be introduced to get round the necessity of a dissolution. This is business; and if the Duke means it we shall forgive him something. Mr. LABOUCHERE made the melancholy discovery that the Tory charge against Radicals, of "loving a Lord," was too, too true—always excepting Northampton, where they love nothing but leather and Mr. LABOUCHERE.

No positive additions were made to the reconstruction of the Ministry on Thursday morning, but a complete list was promised very soon. Mr. GLADSTONE had a cold. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, speaking at Birmingham, made a good deal of fun of the Government; especially of Mr. GLADSTONE's following up his "Down with the Peers!" by a distribution of peerages to his dearest friends. And, indeed, the proceeding doth a little smack of throwing a concern into liquidation with one hand, and bestowing shares in it on deserving persons with the other. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, at Bristol, appeared to be equally untroubled about this part of the British Constitution (which, by the way, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH was eloquently defending at the Mansion House). But it is only fair to say that Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL, in Bedfordshire, was expressing unqualified abhorrence of the privileges of *eldest* sons. Apparently, if the peerage went to younger sons Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL would not so much object to it. "Christianity and 'Borough English' is the strange device on his banner. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON spoke at Ealing; Mr. CURZON on Russian and French encroachments towards India at the Constitutional Club, and others elsewhere. Mr. BRYCE spoke with a fine "Greater 'British' patriotism at a dinner of the Colonial Institute. From which it would appear that Mr. BRYCE has the useful qualities of that old favourite of the poets, the chameleon, and takes his colour promptly from the Prime Minister of the day.

Yesterday morning it was announced authoritatively that Lord TWEEDMOUTH would take the Privy Seal, that Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE would accept the Covenant of Works without the grace of a seat in the Cabinet, and that Mr. MUNRO FERGUSON would have the Junior Lordship of the Treasury. Five seats in all would thus be vacant, selected, of course, from those thought safest, but perhaps not impregnable in all cases. At any rate, we hope all will be fought. Less authoritative, but repeated, announcements were that Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL would move to the Home Under-Secretaryship, being succeeded at the India Office by Lord REAY.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. There was much rumour of war from Bathurst this day week, but no actual fighting had taken place. The intention of the Government to please the Lancashire manufacturers, by exempting cotton goods from the import duty, was very unpopular in India. Fresh schemes of Parliamentary reform were being mooted in Austria. In Italy movements very hostile to Signor CRISPI's plans were being made in the Chamber, and it was thought that a dissolution would be necessary. The Greek Government had given the protesting bondholders a softer answer than seemed likely a few days ago.

On Monday it was asserted very briefly that Mr. DAWSON had "verified" LOBENGULA's death, and had buried the WILSON party. State papers on the same Mr. DAWSON's conduct in the affair of the Indunas had been published, expressing disapproval of it, but clearing Colonel GOULD-ADAMS from blame. The Colonel is a lucky man. Public opinion in India was more and more adverse to the Government scheme of continuing to admit cotton goods free. In Egypt the entrance of the Pyramid of Dashoor, which had long been sought in vain, was said to have been discovered. A debate on anti-Clericalism had taken place in the French Chamber, in which a "new policy of toleration" was supported by considerable majorities; so the POPE receives his hire. In Italy Signor CRISPI also had carried rather unexpected numbers (342 to 45) with him on his policy against the Anarchists in Sicily and Massa. The indemnity to be paid by Morocco to Spain was said to have been fixed at more than three-quarters of a million, an extortion not very creditable to the Spaniards. Dr. PRUDENTE DE MORAES was said to have been elected President of Brazil in the place of Marshal PEIXOTE; while in Uruguay Dr. ELLAURI had declined a similar honour.

Some details of Mr. DAWSON's tidings, referred to above, were given on Tuesday morning. The British and Egyptian authorities had refused permission to a well-known and enterprising Austrian officer, Captain ZUBOWITZ, to engage in a sort of private war against the MAHDI, which could have done no good, and might have been very inconvenient. Heavy fighting had been going on in the Gambia district, but the results were not known. Lord DUFFERIN, speaking at the dinner of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, had poured torrents of the most fragrant diplomatic oil on the state of Europe, the relations of England and France, and things in general. Other news was vague; but the Portuguese festivities were going off well, both as regards "dynastic" matters and in reference to that Portuguese-English *entente* which has been so unfortunately disturbed of late.

On Wednesday morning the French press was reported as purring most harmoniously under Lord DUFFERIN's ingenious caresses. The rest was detail.

Troublesome news of a fresh collision between Portuguese and English came on Thursday morning. It was said that the Portuguese were, contrary to treaty, endeavouring to obstruct English telegraph-making, and the broil seemed to have arisen from this; but there were no details. There had been more hot fighting on the Gambia, where the troops were closing round FODI SILAH. The MONROE-maniacs in the United States have been disturbing themselves in reference to the action which has had to be taken by an English cruiser at Bluefields, on the Mosquito Coast, between Nicaragua and British Honduras. Other matters were not important; but it was as well to hear that some steps, if not the best, were to be taken to preserve the priceless museum of Egyptian antiquities at Ghizeh from the danger of fire.

News from the Zambesi and the Gambia yesterday morning was still indecisive. The Spanish Ministry had resigned. A bomb had been exploded with some

damage in Rome. The Cotton Duty agitation in India was proceeding, and French colonial Chauvinists were asserting that the Anglo-German agreement in the Niger and Chad region had been largely modified in their favour—a thing to which it behoves England to look, for the matter is of great importance.

Resignation Honours. The news that the resignation honours on Mr. GLADSTONE'S retirement included two peerages—one to Sir REGINALD WELBY, the Secretary of the Treasury, and one to that fervent Welshman, Mr. STUART RENDEL—drew from Gladstonians themselves something between a giggle and a gulp of indignation. With the rest of mankind the giggle prevailed alone. The faithful Mr. COWAN of Beeslack proceeded a baronet; Sir ALGERNON WEST, the male Pythoness of Biarritz, was made a Privy Councillor—indeed, it is well that Privy Councillors should have the gift of being oracular—and Mr. SPENCER LYTTLETON a C.B.

A well-deserved knighthood has been bestowed upon Mr. THOMAS SALTER PYNE, chief engineer to the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN—a man quite young, and entirely self-made, who has already done excellent service to his native country in his foreign home.

The Universities. At Cambridge last week Dr. BRADBURY was elected Downing Professor of Medicine in the room of Dr. LATHAM.

The London County Council. On Tuesday the London County Council discussed the new Fire Brigade plan (on which an amendment, in the *piano* sense, was passed), and heard Mr. CHARLES HARRISON extol the beauties of the Boa-Constrictor scheme for Unification. But the most interesting incident of the day was the appearance of Lord ROSEBURY, who dropped in quite by accident, and, no doubt, made Mr. Alderman FLEMING WILLIAMS and Mr. Councillor THORNTON thrill with the thought—"And I, too, am on the way 'to Downing Street!'"

The Law Courts. This day week Mr. Baron POLLOCK gave judgment in the British Museum case, and directed it to be entered for the defendants, on the grounds, not merely that they were performing a duty publicly imposed on them, but that their action could not be called "publication" of libel. Notice of appeal was given. It was said at the end of last week that, the LORD CHANCELLOR'S attention having been called to the action of the Highgate magistrates in the laundress's case, which excited so much comment some time ago, he had written to the Bench, expressing his strong disapproval of the practice of expressing opinions not justified by the evidence. O wise, if slightly unexpected, LORD CHANCELLOR! But what would become of Lord HERSCHELL'S party in such little matters as Home Rule, Anti-Opium fads, and a few others, if this principle were carried out generally?

On Monday last the jury in the curious breach of promise case of CHETTLE v. WICKS gave 300*l.* to the plaintiff; but that in the case of Miss EDEN, who, after an accident in dancing on the stage, had suffered severe illness and a painful operation, was unable to agree.

An important judgment was delivered by Mr. Justice STIRLING on Tuesday in the case of a Trust Company, to the effect that it is not illegal to distribute profits which have been earned on income and expenditure, though there may have been coincident loss on capital.

The Queen's Bench Division on Thursday, in a singular contempt of Court case, declined to associate itself with the dictum of counsel that a young lady "who not only drank alcoholic liquor out of her shoe, "but allowed others to do so, was unfit for human "society." If there were only none unfitter!

The University Cows. Both crews appear to have well settled down to the humours of the tide-way during this week, and on Thursday both began racing

spurts with scratch eights. The Cambridge men are charged by some with their original and inveterate sin of not rowing the stroke out; but it is admitted that at times they row very well. On the other hand, there has been less complaint of distress after hard work in the rather oddly assorted combination of very heavy and somewhat light men which fills the Oxford boat.

Sports. This day week in the Rugby football match between the champion county (Yorkshire) and the rest of England the county was beaten. In the University Golf match, which was played at Sandwich, Oxford got the better of Cambridge by an aggregate of thirteen holes. At the Marseilles Regatta the PRINCE OF WALES'S *Britannia* had easily beaten her antagonists. In the Cambridge University Athletic sports the President, Mr. LUTYENS, like his brother official at Oxford, had the chief honours of the day, doing the mile in 4 minutes 23 seconds, while next day he did the half in the still more remarkable time of 1 minute 57½ seconds.

Miscellaneous. The Duke of YORK was present on Monday at the meeting of the Geographical Society held in honour of Prince HENRY the Navigator.

Mr. LEWIS MORRIS, lecturing on English Poetry, thought "there was, on the whole, less of that silly "depreciation with which ignorant newspaper writers "of ten years ago [or by 'r Lady sixteen, which we "take to be about the date of the Ep-c of H-d-s] used "to bespatter all young writers of verse and others "who had already won their spurs." After which Mr. MORRIS spoke of the "suttee" and of "tom-toms," and assured his hearers that there are quite as good fish still swimming merrily in the poetic ocean as any that ever passed out of it. "He knows! He knows! "He knows," as the poet saith.

Signor PAOLO TOSTI has been appointed Professor of Singing at the Royal Academy of Music.

Correspondence. On Monday Colonel JUSTIN ROSS corroborated Mr. LOFTIE'S view as to the dangerous character of the attempt to "flush" the Philæ temples by giving them a month or two under the Nile each year; and Archdeacon SINCLAIR pointed out that St. Paul's is ready to accommodate "Poets like SHAKESPEARE and "RAPHAELS in shoals," not to mention soldiers, sailors, and distinguished philosophers in almost as large numbers as they like to present themselves in.—Philæ, Defence, Russian gold, the YATES THOMPSON Chapel, and other familiar things, were written of at the beginning of the week.—Lord SALISBURY, on Wednesday morning, elaborately corrected the "cruel "organization" story. This is perhaps necessary, though in a sense useless. For a Gladstonian speaker of a certain class, without a lie about Lord SALISBURY on his tongue, would probably feel altogether tonguetied and dry-throated. The said lie, be it "Hottentots," be it "Cruel organization," or what not, "mellers the "organ," as Mr. WEGG has it.

Books. The works of WILLIAM BROWNE of Tavistock, a right pleasant, if a somewhat too fluent, poet, have this week been appropriately included in Messrs. LAWRENCE & BULLEN'S "Muses Library"; while the *Letters of Beddoes* (who was about as different from BROWNE as any two poets whose names ever began with the same letter) have appeared (MATTHEWS & LANE) under the editorship of Mr. GOSSE. We must also notice the first yearly volume of an extremely compact, well-arranged, and useful publication called *The Irish Diurnal* (London: HARRISON; Dublin: COMBRIDGE), compiled by Messrs. W. G. COX and J. R. CLEGG, and giving a complete view of all the events of the year 1893 that concerned Ireland. Messrs. SEELEY have issued *A Sketch of the Life and Character of Sarah Acland*, edited by ISAMBARD BRUNEL.

Obituary.

Sir WILLIAM MCMURDO had distinguished himself in Scinde and in the Crimea, but he was, perhaps, best known as Inspector-General of the Volunteers during the earliest and most critical time of the Volunteer movement, and he had not a little to do with settling it in a permanent form.—General JUBAL EARLY was a very well-known name in the American Civil War, where, though he never commanded the largest armies, he was a brilliant general of division and leader of aggressive expeditions on the Confederate side. He distinguished himself in many of the most important battles of the war, and once looked like taking Washington.—The death of Colonel ELLIS, of the West India Regiment, who caught African fever during his successful expedition against the Sofas, and, being transported to Tenerife, died there, is particularly to be regretted. Colonel ELLIS was not much more than forty; but he had spent more than half his years on this pestilential coast, and had taken part in nearly all the chief fighting there, from Lord WOLSELEY'S Ashantee business downwards. He was also a very careful student of, and a most useful writer on, the history, languages, and other matters of Guinea; and it is but a short time ago that we reviewed his *History of the Gold Coast*. Few officers of his age and rank can have done better work in more trying circumstances, and with less hope of much popular recognition. But it is at least satisfactory that before his death his reputation had been completely cleared of all rashness or carelessness in the Waima matter, and that he had been proved to have acted with as much coolness and judgment before and during the fight as he showed courtesy and moderation after it to his French assailants.

LORD ROSEBERY.

VERY few English Prime Ministers have taken office for the first time in such singular and chequered circumstances as those which surround Lord ROSEBERY. A small minority of his own party is theoretically and perhaps practically opposed to him both in his character of Peer and in his character of "Jingo." But for the same reason almost the whole of his opponents are better disposed towards him than towards any other Gladstonian. And the majority of his own side welcome him with unquestioned heartiness, seasoned and zested, it would appear, by a very human, if not altogether magnanimous, delight in having got rid of Mr. GLADSTONE. Of course, these favourable appearances may cover many troublesome things beneath. It will be difficult for Lord ROSEBERY to retain the favour of the Opposition without losing that of his own supporters; and it will be almost more difficult for him to keep the latter together after the fashion which Mr. GLADSTONE'S extraordinary personality and prestige made easy to his predecessor. Lord ROSEBERY is not believed, but known, to be just as much of a Home Ruler at heart as it is possible for any one to be who has also at heart the greatness of Great Britain, and that much is only mathematically expressible by something like zero. Yet if he dispensed with Home Rule support he might just as well resign to-morrow. He cannot from any point of view, except that of GALLIO, take the slightest interest in Disestablishment; yet the Disestablishers have him only less at their mercy than the Irishmen. He has far too much brains, and far too much practical sense, not to know that Local Option is mischievous nonsense; yet he dare not pronounce straight against it. Even the good things which are said and thought of him, even the very considerable share, not merely of intellectual ability, but of the faculty of managing men, with which he is credited, may not quite avail to pull a Minister through such difficulties as these.

There is no doubt that Lord ROSEBERY has to a very great extent deserved the good opinion he enjoys. Not a frequent speaker in public, but an admirable one when he does speak; an extremely agreeable personality in private, with more literature than Lord PALMERSTON, less shyness of general society than Lord DERBY, and an abundant provision of the sense of humour and the qualities of a man of the world in which Mr. GLADSTONE has been so conspicuously lacking; an excellent sportsman, with at the present moment a chance of repairing the ill-luck of the two first-named of these famous predecessors; a Scotsman to please Scotland, an English public school and University man to give the undefinable touch without which Englishmen are rarely satisfied; possessed of ample means, and in touch with those who have most to say to the means of the world; young enough to have energy and a future; old enough to have balance and sense—hardly any man has ever taken the Premiership with more general gifts and advantages. And it would be extremely unjust to deny that in the more particular qualities of statesmanship Lord ROSEBERY has shown himself hardly less well furnished. He can speak, as we have said, but he can also hold his tongue; those who know most about the matter are best pleased with his management of the most difficult, the most laborious, and the most generally important to the country of all Ministerial offices; and in more than one position of a different kind he has shown that he can guide and govern.

These are good gifts; and yet we own that, apart from a general dislike to shouting before the wood is past, we can hardly bring ourselves to throw up caps for Lord ROSEBERY quite so vigorously as some Unionists have done. For just at the present moment not so much foreign policy as domestic is the question at stake; and on that point, or, rather, that huge bundle of points, Lord ROSEBERY'S record is not so reassuring. It is true that as to large parts of it his opinions are almost unknown; but on those which are known they are questionable, and on those where inference is possible unpromising. If Lord ROSEBERY, like his hero PITT, were to have to face a European war, we should not be much afraid; but PITT himself was a much less satisfactory politician when there were no storms to weather than when there were. Those of us who care at least as much that the ancient social and political Constitution of England in Church and State should be maintained at home as that she should be great abroad, will not find any very warm comfort in Lord ROSEBERY'S record. It is known that he would rather—or at least has given it to be understood that he would rather—be in the House of Commons than in the House of Peers. He is not known to have any affection for the Church of England. If he regards, as he pretty certainly does regard, the fads of the older Radicals as doctrinaire nonsense, he has at least coquetted with the new Labour theories, the new Socialism, and other things which, in the judgment of some of us, would make England little better worth living in than the United States. Every one has his weakness, and we suspect that Lord ROSEBERY'S weakness is the belief that, with sufficient ability, you can put your hook in the jaws of that Leviathan, even Democracy, and manage him pretty well. And this, to our thinking, is an altogether mistaken diagnosis of the nature and diseases of the said Leviathan. In pursuance of this idea, as we have seen, Lord ROSEBERY has tolerated Home Rule, which he must know, indeed certainly does know, to be mischievous, if not ruinous; and it is not impossible that he may tolerate, or more than tolerate, other things not much better—nay, even worse, as less repairable.

On this, however, we shall see what we shall see; and, so long as the Unionist leaders keep their powder dry, so long as the Duke of DEVONSHIRE is in his day's

mind at Yeovil and not in his night's mind on the Parish Councils Bill, no great mischief can be done. It is not certain that Lord ROSEBURY will prove King Stork, and it is quite certain that he will not prove King Log.

FRANCE IN A PEACEFUL MOOD.

WE would not hear Lord DUFFERIN's enemy say that he comes under the unfavourable sense of Sir HENRY WOTTON's punning definition of an Ambassador. But, in the creditable sense, he does, indeed, "lie abroad for the good of his country"—if it is to be taken for granted, as we presume it is, that we do not wish for a quarrel with France. If tact, and the administration of acceptable praise—what, in current conversation, is describable as blarney—can keep the French in a good humour, Lord DUFFERIN will achieve that feat. His speech at the dinner of the British Chamber of Commerce, in Paris, was calculated with the most exact skill to hit the French bird at which he aimed on both wings. He "fair-sexed it"—which is one infallible way of putting a French audience in a good humour—and then he praised France profusely for possessing all those qualities which she not only wishes to have, but ardently desires to be recognized as having. The banner of civilization and progress was duly introduced in his speech. The stream of tendency was not wanting; and if Lord DUFFERIN noticed the "ripples and angry splashing" which occasionally disturb the surface of the majestic river, it was only to remark that they are of no consequence. A little bad blood, aroused by some trumpety dispute over "a few acres of African swamp or a clump of thatched villages in the tropics," can at all times be "assuaged and solved." There was a time when "a few fields of snow" in Canada were enough to set us by the ears; but Lord DUFFERIN very wisely said nothing about those "old, unhappy, far-off things." He preferred to insist on the French Gallery in Pall Mall, the Comédie Française at Drury Lane, the football and polo matches, and French sportsmen who assist in our *battues*, and take a foremost place among the boldest of our cross-country riders. All these he considered as clear proofs that the two nations are engaged in "the same holy war against slavery abroad and disorder at home."

We have not touched on more than a tithe of the beauties and dexterities of Lord DUFFERIN's speech. It must be read at large to be properly appreciated either as a work of art or for its practical usefulness. For the Ambassador's after-dinner oratory was "very good business," and infinitely more fruitful than the solid post-prandial style of Mr. HENRIK HEATON, who only produced *sa marotte* or *son catholicon*, and roughly brought the company down from the stream of tendency and the banner of civilization to the virtues of the penny post. Lord DUFFERIN said what he ought to have said, seeing that it is his duty to maintain friendly relations with France. If the French papers are safe guides, we may conclude that he has not been unsuccessful. Some of them which a few months ago were found quietly taking it for granted that English officers were capable of attempting to poison Lieutenant MIZON, and which effusively patronized enterprises boastfully designed to injure the interests and the trade of England, can now hardly find words too strong to express their satisfaction with Lord DUFFERIN's friendly language. We do not complain of the change, and shall be heartily pleased if it turns out to be permanent and (which is very essential) to be accompanied by a cessation of those enterprises of which M. MIZON is the bad and M. LE MYRE DE VILERS the honourable representative. The French Gallery in Pall Mall, the Comédie Française, *battues* and polo

matches, the banner of civilization, and the stream of tendency are all admirable things in their kind and degree. They will, however, produce their beneficial effects all the better if there is a cessation of French expeditions into African swamps which possess no attraction except their geographical position in the hinterland of English colonies, and if there are not too many meetings between our respective "glorious nations" among the thatched villages of that part of the tropics which lies at the upper waters of the Mekong and Meinam. There is a possibility that the practical will in this case be found in alliance with the ornamental. A variety of incidents of the last few months have not been without their influence on France. Certain passages in some late speeches by Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the diplomatic scandal at Copenhagen, the treaty of commerce between Russia and Germany, have combined to warn the French, first, that it is possible to have too much Lieutenant MIZON, and then that the CZAR fully intends his alliance with France to be limited and defensive. If these discoveries have given them a douse of cold water we cannot help it, and are quite disposed to console them with any reasonable amount of praise. If it really pleases them to be told that we know them from of old to be an exceedingly ingenious, spirited, and vivacious people, by all means let them have the assurance. In this case Lord DUFFERIN's speech will add to its other merits that of being very timely.

At this same dinner of the British Chamber of Commerce, M. LEROY-BEAULIEU referred to the "new spirit" spoken of by M. SPULLER in the Chamber of Deputies, and expressed a hope that in a few years it will extend to "international trade." The new spirit is M. SPULLER's phrase for the determination of the Ministry to be done with petty persecutions of the clergy. The incident which gave him the opportunity to make this declaration was very characteristic. The Socialist Mayor of St. Denis has thought fit to forbid the display of religious emblems in the streets. Interpreted into exact language, what this means is that he has forbidden the display of the cross at funerals. When M. SPULLER's attention was called to this act of vexatious tyranny by M. COCHIN, the Royalist Deputy for Paris, he answered that the Ministry had decided to disallow the Mayor's order. It is probable that M. SPULLER was prepared to bring matters to a head with the Radicals; for he went on to declare that the Ministry had resolved to introduce a new spirit into the conduct of the Administration, and "to do battle against all fanaticisms and all sectarianisms." If it was his intention to provoke a trial of strength with the Radicals, and to give them a lesson, M. SPULLER was completely successful. His announcement drew an immediate howl of fury from the Radical bigots. M. BRISSON, who represents more fully than any other man in France the sour pedantry of his party, was on his legs at once wanting to know what the Ministry meant. M. SPULLER left him in no kind of doubt, and M. CASIMIR PERIER followed with equally explicit declarations. Their speeches may be described as amplifications of the simple announcement that the Government no longer considers Clericalism as "the enemy," and were remarkable for a resolution of tone quite as new on the part of "moderate" men in the French Chamber as the spirit of which M. SPULLER spoke is in the Administration. That terror of the Radicals and their taunts of infidelity to the Republic which has hitherto been so conspicuous in the speeches and actions of Moderate Republicans has apparently quite disappeared. MM. CASIMIR PERIER and SPULLER both spoke not only as if they were not afraid of the Radicals, but as if they were eager for a trial of strength with them. They certainly had no apparent

reason to avoid a conflict, for when the "fanatics and "sectarians" of Radicalism put it to the vote, they underwent a succession of very handsome beatings.

This is by far the most hopeful event which has taken place in the French Chamber for many years. The Anti-Clericalism of late years has been a most ignoble spectacle. It was no proof of real wisdom in GAMBETTA that he started the movement at all; but when he spoke his mischievous phrase it was at least certain that the Church was hostile to the Republic, and was actively helping the parties which aimed at its suppression. But whatever justification there ever was for the attack on the Church has long ceased to exist. For some years past Anti-Clericalism has been the name for a spirit of petty persecution directed against the clergy, not because they are enemies of the Republic, but because they are Christians. This is the fanaticism and sectarianism to which the Ministry has announced that it will give no countenance. It is the disgrace of the French Republic that this resolution of the Ministry to interpret the word tolerance in a natural sense, and no longer to act as if it properly meant (as in Radical mouths it does) hostility to all who believe and encouragement of their persecutors, can be, and indeed must be, described as dictated by a new spirit. How new it is was shown, not only by the candid avowal of M. SPULLER, but by the unaffected surprise of M. DE MUN at hearing that a Moderate Republican Government is actually prepared to condemn a Socialist Mayor for not allowing a widow who is a Christian to cause a cross to be carried at the funeral of her husband. If the Ministry is resolute—as, to judge by the figures of the divisions, it can afford to be—there will soon be an end of the meaner forms of anti-Clerical persecution. Subordinate agents will rapidly alter their tone when they learn that they do themselves harm by too eagerly serving the spite and bigotry of the Radicals.

O!

MR. JAMES PAYN has recently made some remarks on the national characteristic of thrift, or economy, as displayed in Scotch poetry. Perhaps this feature of the Caledonian character is most impressive when, after being charged a small sum (two-pence, we think) for leave to enter a church in Edinburgh, one is confronted with the office, opposite the church, of the *North British Economist*. What a very economical economist that must be! In poetry, as Mr. PAYN observes, with all the acuteness of a BUCKLE, the Northern Muse is most economical. Having composed a line, she makes it go as far as another person's four. Thus:—

I wish I were where Gaudie rins,
Where Gaudie rins,
Where Gaudie rins,
I wish I were where Gaudie rins.

Then comes the information for which the angler and the geographer have been pining all the time. Where on earth does Gaudie rin to, we must own, an exceedingly delightful tune? Why,

At the back o' Bennachie.

The whole poem is composed on these saving principles.

More can be done with "O" than the minstrels of lands more wasteful would deem possible. Thus there is a song to some such effect as follows; we are not able to quote it, except from oral tradition:—

O saw ye Johnnie Cumming?
Saw ye Johnnie Cumming?
O saw ye Johnnie Cumming?
Saw ye Johnnie Cumming?

Here "O" gives quite an air of distinction and novelty to lines one and three, and prevents the most critical

from resenting a monotony that might otherwise be remarked as tedious. Perhaps there is more of this ditty, explaining the cause of the poet's anxiety about Mr. CUMMING. Perhaps Emeritus Professor BLACKIE knows, and can sing the rest of the ballad.

"O" goes a long way in Caledonian lyric; so many songs begin with O:—

"O how could ye gang, lassie?"
"O, listen, and I'll tell ye how!"
"O Nancy, wilt thou gang wi' me?"
"O, open the door, Lord Gregorie."

These are all separate first lines; but they go very well together in a kind of amœbean eclogue—question and answer.

"O lay thy loof in mine, lassie!"

cries the swain; while the maiden answers in a deprecatory tone,

"O Logie o' Buchan! O Logie, the laird!"

Again:—

"O wha's at the window, wha, wha?"
"O Kenmure's on, on a wa'!"

The nymph is very naturally curious to learn who is at her casement. The answer shows that it is a nobleman of loyal and daring character who has accomplished apparently a feat of escalade:—

"O Love will venture in," he says;
"O Mary, at thy window be!"
"O my Love's like a red, red rose!"
"O Nancy, wilt thou go with me?"

Apparently the bower was shared by two fair maidens, NANCY and MARY, and some slight confusion appears to have arisen; for he—wha, wha—remarks, with ill-concealed chagrin,

"O this is no my ain lassie!"

The nymph replies:—

"O listen, and I'll tell ye now!"

"O dinna think, bonnie lassie!"

the hero remarks, not as discouraging speculation in general, but merely, in a gallant manner, indicating that he can be happy with either, adding, to avoid all misapprehension,

"O dinna ask me gin I love thee!"

The parents now take up the discussion in a querulous manner—

"O how could ye gang, lassie,
O'er the moor among the heather?"

She answers:—

"Oh, why left I my hame?"

Remorse is obviously setting in strongly:—

"O, mirk mirk, is this midnight hour;
O, true love is a bonnie flower."

These examples indicate that a more stringent musical economy may be practised than heretofore by uniting, in a single lyric of great dramatic possibilities, the first lines only of many Scotch songs beginning with "O!" In sacred psalmody, thanks to the stern discipline of the Kirk, but five or six tunes were known in Church music about the middle of the last century. A similar thriftiness, we think, might be attained in secular harmony. By interpolating the line "Bonnie laddie," "Highland laddie," alternately with any others, a good effect of local colour may be produced. Thus:—

O there wi' Jean, on ilka night,
Bonnie laddie, hieland laddie,
We wandered when our hearts were light,
Bonnie laddie, hieland laddie!

MR. GLADSTONE'S RETIREMENT.

MR. GLADSTONE has always been great at surprises; and his retirement from office is certainly not the least of his performances in that kind. It is a feat the more remarkable in that the conditions under which it has been achieved were as unpromising as could well be imagined. From as long ago as the date of Sir ALGERNON WEST's telegram from Biarritz, it was known even to those who did not know it before that Mr. GLADSTONE's resignation could not possibly be far distant. Whether it would be delayed for a week or a fortnight or a month, or a little longer still, was a question upon which every one was free to amuse himself either with his own conjectures or with those guesses of other people which go by the name of the latest information; and to this amusement the world, if any one but Mr. GLADSTONE had been in question, would in all probability have been left. Why, however, after giving this clear indication of his fixed and, as it was almost as distinctly hinted, of his early intention, Mr. GLADSTONE, or those about him, thought fit to throw handful after handful of dust into the eyes of his most faithful supporters in the press, and to compel them day after day to weave a robe of derision for their future wear, it is impossible to guess. If the late Prime Minister were capable of malicious jocularities, or of jocularities at all, we might suspect him of a desire to enjoy a parting laugh at his journalistic *claque*. That, however, is, of course, impossible; there must have been other reasons than this, or than mere love of the sensational, for the extraordinary mystifications which for more than a week preceded the final and irrevocable step. But, whatever the cause may have been, the effect has been that of the most elaborately planned surprise. Very few people believed that anything short of the absolute compulsion of grave danger either to life, health, or faculties (which, despite much gossip, is far from being established) would ever drive Mr. GLADSTONE from the political gaming-table until he had tried his luck with another deal of the electoral cards. Still fewer can have contemplated the possibility of his retiring, even if retirement were forced upon him, without any attempt to work up one of those "historic scenes" which have had so much attraction for the vanity of his later years. That he should fold his tent like the Arabs, and as silently steal away, was a contingency which not one in a hundred of his countrymen can have thought it worth while to take into account.

Hence the singular, and in some aspects amusing, embarrassment in which the actual circumstances of the resignation have plunged the daily newspapers. It seems to have been felt by their able editors that the obituary notice which has been taken out of many a pigeon-hole during the past few days, if only to be despondingly replaced again, can hardly by the most careful revision be "made to do"—unless, indeed, as a bare record of the events of the statesman's life, unaccompanied by any attempt to criticize a career which it is evident that they can hardly bring themselves even now to regard as definitively closed. And, in truth, the difficulty of reviewing it is in existing circumstances extreme. The fact that Mr. GLADSTONE is still among us, that the Government in power is virtually one of his own formation, that the Parliamentary majority, such as it is, which supports it was returned by his influence, and that the policy to which his successor and his former colleagues are irrevocably committed was of his devising—all these considerations combine to delay the pronouncement of any final judgment upon his work. Mr. GLADSTONE, in short, has retired, or threatened to retire, so often; it is so natural for the public to expect him to withdraw himself in disgust from the fray when things are not going to his mind—and to return to it when other people have laboriously retrieved the

situation for him—that even now they can hardly be induced to look upon Mr. GLADSTONE's retirement as more than temporary. Nor, indeed, can we ourselves be sure that it is permanent in any sense than this: that his passionately loyal followers—as they have shown quite unmistakably, if to some extent unconsciously, in their public farewells to him—will take mighty good care not to allow him on any pretext to get hold of the reins of office again. In no other than this qualified sense can we affirm that Mr. GLADSTONE has definitively withdrawn from political life. That it is still in his power to intermeddle, if he chooses, in public affairs, and to do so to very disturbing effect, is surely undeniable by any one; and that, having this power, he will steadily deny himself all use of it for the rest of his life, is what no one acquainted with his character would confidently affirm.

It would be obviously premature to attempt any final review of a career which is not certainly closed, or any complete appreciation of a policy to which, for all that anybody knows, a new chapter may be added. One thing, however, it is already safe to say of Mr. GLADSTONE and his record, and that is, that the acts of the last eight years of his life have left a sinister mark upon the history of his country and on his own biography which nothing he might do hereafter, if life and strength were to be spared to him, could by any possibility efface. This is not, of course, to say that a biographer desirous of putting the story of his public life from 1833 to 1886 in a favourable light would have had by any means an easy task. But his difficulty would be rather that of justifying the personal conduct and whitewashing the political character of his hero than of apologizing for the nature and consequences of his acts. It is true that for very many years Mr. GLADSTONE's influence upon politics has been mainly mischievous—as mischievous as that of the thoroughgoing demagogue always must be. The mere spectacle of a man of commanding abilities devoting himself with Mr. GLADSTONE's ardour of self-abandonment to the cultivation of the demagogue's arts—this, and the sight of the extraordinary success achieved by them in his hands, must of course indirectly produce a demoralizing effect, profound and widespread, in an imitative political community; and such, no doubt, has been the main effect of Mr. GLADSTONE's political activity for a full quarter of a century. But if a word we have used above has been rightly employed, its mischievous operation has been for the greater part of that period indirect. Mr. GLADSTONE, attempting to propitiate Irish sedition by disestablishment and confiscatory land legislation; Mr. GLADSTONE, flinging himself into the arms of Russia for the sake of embarrassing his political rivals; Mr. GLADSTONE, abandoning a devoted and heroic servant of England out of mere disgust at being forced into a forward Imperial policy—all these, no doubt, were unedifying phenomena enough; but the permanently injurious results of these sallies of faction and anti-patriotism have been far less severely felt by Mr. GLADSTONE's country than by his own fame. He brought us within a hair's-breadth of national dishonour, with the alternative of war, in 1876-7; but, no thanks to him, we escaped both, and it cannot be said that in the circumstances we are much the worse for the Bulgarian agitation. Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish legislation of 1870 and 1881 has, no doubt, borne terribly evil fruits; but it was, after all, but a new graft upon a tree planted by the pernicious English party system long before Mr. GLADSTONE acquired the power to legislate for Ireland. As to the dishonour of GORDON's betrayal, that has always rested far more upon Mr. GLADSTONE than on the country which punished him, though inadequately, for it at the next election; while the

mischiefs of its consequences to us in our relations with Egypt have, perhaps, already spent themselves.

It is only during the last eight years of his political career that Fate has enabled him to wreak injury continuous in its operation and irremediable in its effects upon his country. For it was only when he took office in 1886 that he definitely put himself at the head of an anti-Imperial movement, collected all the scattered forces of Particularism, and gave its principles admission for the first time within the sphere of English politics by adopting them into the authorized programme of one of the two great English parties. That the recreant members of that party assisted him to do this, and that without their base compliance he never could have done it, is of course true; but it does not diminish his responsibility by a jot. For this was not a case in which the impulse came from the party themselves, and communicated itself to their leader. On the contrary, it originated wholly and solely with Mr. GLADSTONE himself. No statesman with less than his almost sublime unscrupulousness would have dared to have deliberately precipitated all the floating tendencies to national disunion that he felt around him, and to have deliberately offered them his Irish policy as a solid substance around which to crystallize. Nor could any statesman with less than Mr. GLADSTONE's quasi-hypnotic power over all the ignorance, the folly, and the sentimentalism to be found in the electorate, have possibly succeeded in any such attempt. Mr. GLADSTONE, having set himself to organize Particularism to assist in carrying his Irish policy, did for our sins succeed in the attempt. It was not, perhaps, more wicked than his equally deliberate endeavour to organize the masses against the classes; but it was more novel. Other men before Mr. GLADSTONE have sought to array the various orders of the community against each other; to him will belong in history the sinister fame of having done the same thing with the various races of the United Kingdom. Before 1886 there was but one people in these islands with whose name the idea of a separate nationality was associated—the Irish. Ever since that year two other names have been added, alike in popular parlance and in the vocabulary of politics, as those of distinct "nations." We were at the most but two races when Mr. GLADSTONE entered upon his third Administration. When he began his fourth we were four. The lesson of this estranging and disintegrating kind of speech is one which, once learnt by any people, is hard, indeed, to unlearn; and Mr. GLADSTONE'S work as a teacher may endure for generations after he himself has passed away.

ANTI-EVERYTHING ON TOUR.

IT has been definitely decided that a "polyglot" "petition" of unprecedented magnitude shall "take hold of the wings of the morning and flop 'round the earth till it's"—got to the place it set out from, when it will probably begin again; and Dr. LUNN, who appears to be the editor of *The Review of the Churches*, has had the idea and communicated it to us that we "might probably consider" a somewhat detailed announcement of the noble project "worth" mention in the columns of this *Review*. "Insertion" is too much to ask, partly because it is too long, and partly because it repeats itself too much; but it certainly deserves notice, and shall have it.

It appears that the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union has "during the last seven years" been preparing "a monster polyglot petition against 'the traffic in Alcohol, Opium, and against Legalized Vice.'" Surely this account of it must be defective. We cannot believe that a polyglot petition which took seven years to "prepare" omits prayers against the

traffic in tobacco, against legalized vaccination and vivisection, and in favour of legalized vegetarianism. Also we think that, in some corner or in some language, it must contain a prayer for Home Rule for Ireland, if not for a universal living wage, three hours' day, and the substitution of arbitration for war. However these particulars may be, somebody—presumably the W.W.C.T.U.—has appointed Lady HENRY SOMERSET and Miss WILLARD to be "the deputation to convey 'this petition' to 'all the Governments of the 'world.'" Inasmuch as the petition has now two million signatures, "and with the attestation of certain great Societies not less than three millions," it is felt that no two World's Women are by themselves equal to the task of presentation to every Government. Therefore "Dr. LUNN has been requested" by these ladies to organize a demonstration round "the world. With this purpose in view, a first-class steamer is to be immediately chartered, and a party of one hundred will be organized to accompany Lady HENRY SOMERSET and Miss WILLARD in this remarkable crusade." One hundred what? World's Women, one would suppose; but it is not definitely stated whether the demonstration is to be epicene or only feminine. If the latter, there will have been nothing like it since (*absit omen*) the eleven thousand virgins. In any case the two leading ladies will not be absolutely deprived of male escort, for Mr. WILLIAM PIPE is to go with them as managing secretary. Now Mr. WILLIAM PIPE is "the ex-Secretary of 'the World's Parliament of Religions.'" This satisfies us that Mr. WILLIAM PIPE is a proper person to go with the demonstration, but—why "ex"?

"The Crusade" will set forth next October from the United States, and will, in the first instance, "proceed to Washington," so that President CLEVELAND'S will be the first Government honoured by receiving the polyglot petition. Whether he, or they, will be required to read the whole of it, or only that part which is set forth in the American variant of English, is not apparent. No doubt they will find out soon enough. The Crusade will be only a day or two in London, and will utilize one of them for a "great demonstration in 'Exeter Hall';" but we do not suppose Lord ROSEBURY will escape. Thence they will go to Rome, where "it is hoped that his Holiness the POPE and the King of ITALY will each receive the delegation." Why the POPE? Are alcohol and opium sold in the Vatican? And his Holiness's withers will assuredly be unwrung by the references to "legalized vice." At Athens the KING, and at Jerusalem the Patriarch, will next hearken to the polyglot millions—presumably in Greek and Hebrew. Thence the way is short to Egypt, where the KHEDIVE will be approached. It is not stated in what language, or in how many, he will be addressed; but, if all tales are true, we cannot but think that the World's Women will at this point be treading on delicate ground. From Egypt the hundred, or hundred and two, will go to India, where they propose to range widely up and down, pervading the "National Congress," and so on. Thence to Ceylon, "and thence to Siam, with the object of 'presenting the petition to the King of SIAM.'" No knowledgeable person can doubt that this monarch will receive the deputation and the accompanying demonstration with peculiar favour, and, as far as words go, it seems probable that he will meet them in the spirit of gracious assent which has characterized him in his dealings with foreign Powers, and otherwise. After Siam, China, Japan, and the Australian colonies seem almost flat. From Japan and the presence of the MIKADO Mr. PIPE and his charges return across the Pacific, and then complete "the 'eastern circuit of the world.'" The Northern and Central Governments of Europe are to receive the

petition "at later dates," and we cannot wonder that they are postponed to the insistent claims of the POPE, the MIKADO, and the King of SIAM. Any one who wants to take part in "this unprecedented Pilgrimage" is to say so at once, in the proper quarter, and, for our part, we do not understand how any World's Woman can resist it.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AT YEOVIL.

NO one possesses such a natural and so to say unstudied knack of disarming hostile criticism as the Duke of DEVONSHIRE. In the course of his speech at Yeovil the other night, he was well matched with his critic in his audience, who, though, of course, briefer, was no less engagingly frank and straightforward than the speaker himself. "I dare say," said the Duke, referring to the Parish Councils Bill, "that some of my Conservative friends who may be on this platform are not altogether satisfied with the line which I and my friends took in the House of Lords on that matter." Whereon follows, within the reporter's brackets, the words—"A voice—'Hear, hear,' and laughter"; and, with his usual imperturbability, the Duke continued, "They may think we ought to have gone further in supporting the Conservative amendments to the Bill. I quite admit that we did not take upon that matter a very heroic course; but"—and then the Liberal-Unionist went on to urge the usual "common form" that "the powers of the House of Lords are powers of a very limited character," that they "ought to be used with great caution, &c.," and that "it is not wise, even when 'you have a good cause, to, &c.'" All which array of excuses, if not very satisfying as excuse, is nevertheless satisfactory enough as a sign of grace—is, indeed, so satisfactory that we may well be content to let the little difference between the Duke and his Conservative friend on the platform be forgotten. No more, at any rate, need be added than this; that, if some dissatisfaction was felt by Conservatives with the attitude of the Liberal-Unionist leader in the Lords, it was not so much because he did not go far enough in support of Conservative amendments to the Parish Councils Bill as because, through not giving timely notice of the length to which he intended to go, he encouraged them to advance to positions which they would never have occupied save on the assumption that both wings of the party were united, and from which, at some damage to their moral strength as an Opposition, they were subsequently and consequently compelled to retreat.

It would, however, be ungracious to dwell further upon tactics which their author himself admits not to have been "heroic"; and the more so as he has now expressed his determination to free them from that reproach in the future. From the concluding portion of the Duke's speech at Yeovil the Ministerialists will have learnt that they must not expect to find him always in so accommodating a mood. Above all, they need not imagine that the mere disappearance of Mr. GLADSTONE from the political scene will induce the Liberal-Unionists to relax in any degree the distrustful vigilance with which it is still their duty to watch the policy of the Government. As the Duke of DEVONSHIRE has, with sound judgment, observed, there is for the present little or no use in speculating on the personal opinions of the new PRIME MINISTER with respect to Home Rule, inasmuch as it is quite evident, from a consideration of the conditions under which he has accepted office, that his Government can only be a Home Rule Government. Whether he will be strong enough to keep it a Home Rule Government *in posse* only, and not to allow it to become one *in esse*, we must wait to see. Of course, if he can do so—if, that is to say, he

can persuade his Irish allies to let him hang up Home Rule and devote himself to naval and financial matters—Ministers need not fear that the Unionists will be "in a hurry to displace them"; but if, and in so far, as the policy of Government is "aimed, directly or indirectly," at the prosecution of the Home Rule project—and we presume that this word "indirectly" is intended by the Duke to cover any attempt to pass the nefarious measure known as the Evicted Tenants Bill—"they have nothing to expect from us but direct and uncompromising opposition." And Unionists, moreover, intend to stand no nonsense—especially such nonsense as an endeavour to gerrymander the constituencies in the interests of Home Rule, under colour of a Registration Bill. If that trick is tried, they will find, says the Duke with spirit, that there is "one issue besides Home Rule on which the House of Lords are prepared to give them a ground of quarrel." That is the right language to use, and we only hope that the Duke will be as good as his word. It seems to us to require more political courage than would have been needed to stand by the Lords' amendments to the Parish Councils Bill; but, if it is only forthcoming when required, an adequate exhibition of it in resistance to the Registration dodge will more than atone for any previous display of weakness.

TONGUESTER GOVERNMENT.

THE critic of the great Parliamentary career which has just closed may, perhaps, think the question worth considering how far Mr. GLADSTONE's long ascendancy in the House of Commons was due to his supremacy as an orator, how far to his other gifts and qualities. There is a school of writers who are never weary of asserting that Parliamentary institutions, at least in their latest development, have substituted government by the tongue for government by good sense and right reason. Mr. CARLYLE, who probably never was in the House of Commons in his life, noisily affirmed this doctrine. Mr. LECKY in his more guarded manner contradicts it. The judgment of literary outsiders as to an influence which they have never wielded nor been subjected to is not, perhaps, conclusive. Mr. LECKY appears to think that he has made out his case when he affirms that in England Parliamentary weight has seldom been in proportion to oratorical power, and supports this proposition by an enumeration of instances such as that by which MACAULAY's eminent judge of the last generation maintained his after-dinner theory that the prevalence of Jacobinism was due to the practice of giving children three names. The two PITTS and Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. LECKY alleges, are the only examples of speakers of transcendent power who have exercised for considerable periods a commanding influence over English politics. Mr. LECKY weakens the force of his contention by insisting that the younger PITT's oratorical skill was immensely in excess of his solid ability. The remark is a part of that nibbling detraction of PITT which is the great blot of Mr. LECKY's History. If it be true that there have been in England, during a century and a half, only three transcendent orators who were also Parliamentary leaders of supreme authority, this may be owing to the fact that transcendent orators are as few as transcendent poets, and that when to this rare gift is added a mastery of Parliamentary business, we should scarcely expect a longer list.

Mr. LECKY's error, as we judge it to be, has its origin probably in the circumstance that, as a student unversed in public business, he used the word oratory in the literary and, in what might seem very different, the American sense. The orator appears to him to be the maker of set speeches, of what, on the other side of

the Atlantic, are called "orations," such as the late Mr. EDWARD EVERETT and the later Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS were in the habit of delivering on ceremonial occasions in the United States. He neglects the qualification of the word oratory which is implied in the word Parliamentary—that is, speech used for the purpose of advancing public business and gaining, or retaining, votes in an impending division. BOLINGBROKE, he says, was a greater orator than HARLEY; PULTENEY than WALPOLE; Lord STANLEY than PEEL. No doubt, in the elocution master's sense. But PEEL was unquestionably a greater speaker than STANLEY in his power over the judgment and feelings of the House of Commons; and the same may be said with almost equal truth of WALPOLE as compared with PULTENEY. Almost all the statesmen, from GODOLPHIN to Lord PALMERSTON, whom Mr. LECKY enumerates as successful Parliamentary leaders without being brilliant orators, were masters of the art of speech for purposes of conviction or persuasion; almost all the orators who failed as Parliamentary leaders, of whom CANNING is the most remarkable example, failed through their defect in some of the essential conditions of persuasive Parliamentary speaking. CASTLEREAGH, with all his incoherence of metaphor, was a better Parliamentary leader than CANNING, with all his brilliancy, because, in his capacity to speak to the general sense of the House, he was a better debater than CANNING. Lord ALTHORP, with whom, if the example had then presented itself, Mr. W. H. SMITH might have been associated, is the standing instance of successful leadership with scarcely any power of public speaking. But both Lord ALTHORP and Mr. SMITH were able to make effective debating use of their oratorical incapacity. Moreover, the collective debating power of the Treasury Bench must be taken into account; and during the greater part of his Ministerial career Lord ALTHORP may be said to have spoken with the tongues of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Sir JAMES GRAHAM, and Mr. STANLEY. So in our time the leadership of Mr. SMITH as advising Minister was held in a sort of commission, with Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. GOSCHEN as speaking Ministers. It is curious that Mr. LECKY makes no mention of Mr. DISRAELI in his list of Parliamentary leaders, though he is perhaps the strongest instance which could be given of a statesman rising to power and maintained in it by his gifts of speech. The truth that success in Parliamentary leadership is ordinarily inseparable, not necessarily from oratorical power in what is at once the literary and vulgar sense, but from consummate skill in the use or misuse of speech, survives Mr. LECKY's list. It points the moral of the argument as to one of the besetting dangers of Parliamentary government, which MACAULAY saw as clearly as CARLYLE, and more clearly than Mr. LECKY. How far Mr. GLADSTONE's career illustrates the use and abuse of this faculty, to the paramount importance of which in Government it is a testimony, is a point on which it may be more becoming, just now, to defer speech.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

WHETHER the decision of Mr. Justice MATHEW and Mr. Justice CAVE in the latest contempt of Court case will damp the hopes of those persons who act on the apparent belief that a newspaper is a kind of Aunt Sally or cocoanut—something, in short, to "have a shy at"—is extremely doubtful. No hope springs more eternal than the hope of besting an enemy in a law Court. In the meantime, the mere fact that the case has arisen at all illustrates to what an extent papers are liable to be brought to book for contempt, and what an extremely subtle, tricky, unaccountable thing this same contempt is. It takes

two of HER MAJESTY'S Justices to decide whether it is contempt or not to make harmless remarks about a case which is not before a Court at all, but is to be submitted to lay arbitrators.

The incidents which were the fount and origin of these late proceedings, "in the matter of certain newspapers," are for the present not to the purpose. We only notice them so far as to learn with pleasure that members of a Democratic Club for "Ladies and Gentlemen" are alleged to have revived the ancient, and not ungraceful, practice of drinking out of the shoe of a "toast." Tradition, some literature, the example of undoubted ladies and very authentic gentlemen, may be alleged in excuse of the "Democratic" Club members. It is a pity that they should be discouraged; for if Democracy begins in this way it may go further on the right road. Meanwhile the facts of the case do not greatly signify. Certain events did or did not occur in the "Democratic Club." Unpleasantnesses ensued between the Committee and the owner of the shoe alleged to have been used for the purpose already mentioned, who is a young woman employed as clerk in a lawyer's office. Out of these domestic jars came legal proceedings. Three newspapers commented upon them. Part of the comment was of the kind called "comic." Part was in form of report; but the reporter, being anxious to state the facts as civilly as possible for the owner of the shoe, did not merely stick to the words of the affidavits produced in Court. He thought they were so worded as to be likely to lead readers to think that the incidents alleged to have occurred in the Democratic Club were far more serious than they really were. Another time he will be wiser, and will speak by the card when the "lady clerks" of attorneys are in question. For his departure from the strict letter has cost his paper something. While the applications against the other papers were dismissed with costs, this technical irregularity has caused his paper—the *Times*—to be left to pay its own costs. The Justices paid him many well-deserved compliments, but they could not overlook the irregularity. The moral of this, we take it, is that it is injudicious to allow humanity, or any other gentler feeling, to interfere with business, unless you are quite sure of the person with whom you are dealing.

This case must, we imagine, tend to increase the conviction, which is already not uncommon, that newspapers stand in some respects in a most absurd position in this matter of contempt of Court, and in others too. To-day a newspaper may indulge in the most offensive kind of personal journalism, and make its profit thereby. From this one might suppose that the license of the press is unbounded. But this is not the case. It is only unboundedly free to be vulgar, brutal, and abusive. Let a respectable paper, in the course of reporting, depart a hair's-breadth from any one of a whole body of rules and understandings, and immediately the machinery of the Courts can be set in motion. Contempt has been, or is alleged to have been, committed, and at once the time and the acumen of the judge are fully employed on this weighty matter. It does certainly appear to the lay mind that there is something very absurd in a system which wastes one whole valuable day of the time of two Justices of the High Court. Moreover, it appears that this something exists mainly to encourage persons in making a cockshy of newspapers in hope of winning the cocoanut.

SECRET ARMS.

UNEDIFYING as it may be, a collection of secret weapons can hardly fail to be of interest. In all countries and in all ages, from the days of the Hebrew kings to those of Irish outrages, honest men as well as

assassins have had recourse in emergencies to arms which could be conveniently concealed about the person or carried unobserved in the hand ready for use. The dagger is essentially such a weapon, and has been so used from prehistoric times, even the short-sword of the ancients, with its rudimentary guard, being readily hidden under the skirt or in the bosom of the loose tunic or gown. Thus Ehud concealed the sword—a cubit in length—with which he slew Eglon. When tunics became tighter and swords longer this primitive trick would no longer serve, and arms of especial construction began to appear. In mediæval times the dagger—broad, heavy, and with a stout guard for ordinary use—was rendered needle-like and almost guardless for concealment, and became the poignard. When the civilian and the conspirator took to wearing “cellular under-clothing” of steel as more conducive to longevity, the poignard was furnished with a stout triangular or quadrangular point, from which the blade diminished towards the hilt, and became the mail-breaker; or it was made quadrangular throughout, and fluted and pierced so as to carry poison or air into a wound, however slight, and so lead to mortification. Then, too, the throat became the assassin’s mark, and the upward blow from seventh rib to heart went out of fashion. The Pazzi struck at the neck of Lorenzo the Magnificent for fear that he wore armour. “Strike high!” screamed King Jamie, as he struggled with the Ruthven, to young Ramsay, dagger in hand; “he wears a doublet of proof.” When De Loignac and his bravos killed the Duke of Guise at Blois, their victim was first struck in the throat from behind. For some time the *gorgiera* worn in civil life, even at the dinner-table, safeguarded Florentine throats, including that of the divine Dante; but it was found that hot peas or boiling soup might be accidentally tilted into this catchpit with detrimental effect to the very throat it was desired to protect. Furthermore, grave and worthy citizens pacing their own streets were prone to stumble over sticks and stones which the neckpiece prevented them from seeing. “Ecco!” cried the Florentine street-boy with outstretched finger. “There lies a quattrino!” and the burgher would vainly roll his eyes and contort himself in efforts to see the ground at his feet; and so the *gorgiera* went out of fashion again. In later days every Spanish lady was supposed to carry a stiletto—dainty, bright, sharp as a needle, in her garter or waist-belt—and the Italian dame was seldom without her scissors. These scissors, made in Turkey and Persia for the kalem-dans of scribes and merchants, had sharply pointed straight blades of semicircular section, which, when closed, formed a poignard blade double-edged and strong, capable of piercing a buff-coat, while the straight stems afforded a grip, and the diminutive finger-loops acted as a pommel. Many a time in the fiery East and the sunny South alike has a blow with the scissors drawn from the harmless-looking case thrust through the girdle settled a dispute or avenged a wrong; nay, such scissors have rendered vacant the throne of Turkey. In England and Scotland the bodkin, or piercer, immortalized by Hamlet, which even now finds a place in a lady’s work-basket, and the hairpin, now termed a bonnet-pin, replaced the more finished weapons of the Southern dames.

The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay headgear,
And strak Fair Annet into the heart—
That word she never spak mair.

Lord Thomas and Fair Annet.

Great as was the popularity of the dagger in its many forms, other weapons were sometimes needed. Master Bartolame Biella would sell a wooden staff, iron-shod like unto the quarter-staff of yeomen; but, certes, let any one strike it sharply upon the ground, and three blades springing out from the ferule would convert it into a *ranseur* of the most approved pattern. This was a goodly and a cunning device, and was in great request; but it was outshone by La Burlettine of the French Revolution, which “has a spear-blade 10½ inches long and four pointed knife-blades at right angles to it; those blades can be closed round the centre by forcing up a ring, when the whole head shuts down on a hinge like the handle of a parasol.” The hinge arrangement had previously existed in a variety of Biella’s *ranseur*. The Chartists in their philanthropy and love of freedom were not behind the Frenchmen, and in brotherhood and charity hastened to devise a species of halberd of which the spear-point and cross-blade unscrewed, and could be carried in the pocket to public meetings. Thistlewood

and his conspirators of Cato Street had arranged to arm the English revolutionists with small steel blades which could be screwed into the ends of walking-sticks, broom-handles, hop-poles, &c., for the better supporting of the Provisional Government; and the Irish rebel pike was much on the same plan. In Popish Plot times the good citizens of London were furnished with “pocket-flails” of iron, a revival of the mediæval “morning star” or “holy water sprinkler,” and declared to be “of good service in a croud”; as also with the well-known “Memento Godfrey” daggers. Similar knives, according to Pepys, were provided by the Catholics, and some of them were produced in the House of Commons (26th of October, 1666), a precedent being thereby created for Burke’s famous production of the “Brummagem” dirk made for French use in 1792. The origin of the sword-cane is very uncertain and probably very remote, since it seems to have been an old Eastern weapon before we hear of it in Europe. Its root-type is perhaps the Fakir’s crutch of India, and it may have been one of the refinements taught in Eastern bazaars to the Crusaders. When that advanced Socialist, Blood, attempted to expropriate the crown of England, he and his associates were armed with sword-sticks as well as with pistols; and in the eighteenth century, when pocket-pistols, three or four inches in length, were recognized travellers’ comforts, the “hollow” (i.e. three-edged) small-sword blade was frequently adapted to sticks and canes. In the East, the innocent-looking length of bamboo or other cane carried by the Burmese will sometimes draw apart in the middle, disclosing two short dha-blades, each of which is hafted by one-half the cane and sheathed in the other half; and even the heavy curved katana of Japan is said to have been concealed on an emergency in a similar staff. Nevertheless the secret weapon of Japan, according with the style of dress, is the mamori katana (protecting sword), a short dirk with diminutive guard carried, *more antiqua*, in the bosom, as is also the feminine kuwai-ken, the prototype of the Spanish stiletto. There is now sold in Japanese ports a more treacherous weapon, being a dagger which, when sheathed, presents the appearance of a closed fan of the Court pattern (*hi-ōgi*), and this would seem to be an old weapon of assassination, since Mr. Alt tells us that “it is contrary to Court etiquette to appear with a shut fan,” and that to avoid the consequences of a momentary forgetfulness, the fan is sometimes arranged so as to appear to be partially open, although in reality closed.

In Hindostan there is a choice of secret arms. The gupti, or sword-stick, may be bought in every bazaar, and is said to have been used in the days of Akbar (1543-1605); but it is doubtful whether the phrase in the *Ain-i-Akbari* of Abul Fazl does not rather refer to the Arab dagger with its deep sheath, containing both blade and haft. If the traveller prefer it, he may buy a sword thin and flexible as the Toledo coiled blades, to wind round his waist in his cummerbund. If he be a fakir, the ornamental crutch which upholds his arm whilst he edifies the faithful by silent reflections upon the syllable Om will contain a sharp-pointed quadrangular blade for the confusion of the unbeliever. Even lovely woman in the harem carries a miniature katâr, with H-shaped grip, or a diminutive peshkabz—double-curved, single-edged, atrocious. In Mysore and Hyderabad the bich’hwa (scorpion)—the double-curved misericorde of the East—is carried by the lower classes hidden up the sleeve, and is made right- or left-handed to suit all tastes. It is a favourite and effectual weapon of assassination, being driven downwards from behind, inside the collar-bone, and is sometimes double-bladed and poisoned, the poison being carried in a suitable hollow in the hilt. The double curve of the blade, derived from that of a cow’s horn, and resembling that of a scorpion’s sting, recurs in the khanjar and the chilânun and throughout Afghanistan. With a variety of this weapon, Lieutenant Willis was killed in the bazaar at Candahar. The strangest of secret arms is, perhaps, the Bagh nakh or tiger-claw of the Mahrattas, with its two rings for the first and fourth fingers and the three to five curved steel claws, destined to protrude from the closed hand between the fingers and to rip open or mangle the victim. The hand half open shows only two bright rings round the fingers; the clenched fist becomes the armed paw of the human tiger. Mr. Egerton tells us how the Mahratta leader Sivaji murdered his enemy Afzal Khan, after inviting him to a conference, in which each should come with one attendant only. Sivaji wore a mail cap and coat under his turban and cotton gown, had a bich’hwa in his right sleeve and a

bagh nakh on his left hand. The Khan had only his sword, and sent away his follower to reassure Sivaji, who was of small stature, and counterfeited timidity. "In the midst of the customary embrace, Sivaji struck the bagh nakh into the bowels of Afzal Khan, who quickly disengaged himself, clapped his hand on his sword, exclaiming 'Treachery and murder!' but Sivaji instantly followed up the blow with his dagger. The Khan had drawn his sword, and made a cut at Sivaji, but the concealed armour was proof against the blow. The whole was the work of a moment, and Sivaji was wresting the weapon from the hand of his victim before the attendants could run towards them."

Of our own times are the clasp-knife of the larrikin, the boxwood flail carried by gamekeepers, the poacher's walking-stick gun (of which the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot has an early Alpine example), the revolver, and the knuckle-duster, on which the unfortunate Sudeikin relied. But of these we need not speak here. There is ample scope for the collector without reckoning compound arms or weapons partially disguised; albeit the sweetly primitive sharpened and poisoned thumbnail with which the Otomac of Guiana accidentally scratches his enemy will probably defy collection. A grim show, indeed, do secret weapons make, though the comforting truth is soon forced upon the student's mind that comparatively few of them will work. The spring *ranseur* is "wobbly," the sash-sword is "whippy"; the fakir's crutch has an impossible handle, and that of the double-dha is preposterous. Not so was it with the now prohibited gimlet-knife of New Orleans, a weapon perfect for its deadly purpose. This tiny recruit of the fell sergeant was hung on a coat or waistcoat button by a strap attached to the sheath, and one movement of the fingers sufficed to draw it and plunge it, as Saviolo has it, "in your adversary's belly." The poignard, even though poisoned, could be baulked by a buff-coat, and pocket firearms are untrustworthy, and apt to go off at the wrong time. Even the treacherous tiger-claw, unless poisoned, can only inflict ghastly flesh wounds, is useless against even a dagger, and is baffled by leather or mail; while the climax is reached by the pocket flail, which in its uncertain gyrations is as likely to break its owner's head as that of any one else.

MONEY MATTERS.

NOW that confidence is returning, and the investing public is buying once more, it is natural that they should look with much suspicion on everything but the very best classes of securities, and it is a necessary consequence from that that the very best classes of securities should have risen remarkably of late. After a while, of course, the public will become more discriminating. Lately, they had not courage enough to invest at all. Now, they will only take stocks against which nothing can be said. By-and-bye their courage will increase, and they will purchase readily what they now refuse even to consider. But before that happens there will probably be even a further rise in the very best classes of securities. Early last week the rise was so great that considerable numbers of old holders were tempted to sell, and the prices this week consequently are not quite so high as they were at the beginning of last week; but probably there will be another advance before very long. That old holders are selling is evidence that confidence is rapidly returning, that the general public is coming to the conclusion that no more serious disasters are to be apprehended, and therefore the prudent and cautious people who bought good securities during the recent extreme depression, when the general public was holding aloof from the market altogether, are now taking advantage of their foresight and selling at a considerable profit. Having done so, they will of course purchase securities not so entirely beyond suspicion as those they have recently held, but still securities of the soundness of which they have no real doubt, and in whose improvement they fully believe. That is the course returning prosperity always takes. People at first will not buy at all; then they will buy only the best things; then the holders sell the best things and buy the second-best, and, after a while, the third-best, until, in the end, the purely speculative things are taken up. But, although prices are not quite so high as they were ten days ago, they are still exceed-

ingly high. On Tuesday of this week, for example, Consols were at 98½; the Local Loans stock, bearing 3 per cent. interest, at 105; Egyptian Government Three per Cents, 104½; Mauritius Three per Cents—guaranteed by the Imperial Government—107½; Russian Fours, 101½; Egyptian Unified, 104½; New South Wales Fours, 108½; and New Zealand Three and a Half per Cents, 99½. These prices are exceedingly remarkable. Of course the extreme cheapness of money has largely contributed to make that possible. If money were in strong demand, so that people could employ it readily in lending and discounting at good rates, they would not consent to hold Three per Cents at considerably above par. But money cannot be employed at good rates on really good security, and the general belief in the City is, that for the greater part of the present year money will continue abundant and cheap, not only at home, but all over the world. The belief of the City seems to be justified, because trade is not very active, and because gold is likely to come to London, not only from Australia and South Africa, but likewise from America. And if money continues as cheap as is generally anticipated, then it will clearly be necessary for bankers to hold a considerable proportion of the funds they would otherwise employ in lending and discounting in investments. In Consols, for instance, they can at present get 2½ per cent. per annum, and there is little doubt that they can sell freely whenever they please. But it would be by no means easy for them to get 2½ per cent. in either lending or discounting upon really good security. We have pointed out above that already many of those who held Consols and other high-class securities all through the recent crisis are now beginning to sell. They have sold so largely during the past ten days or so, that there has been a considerable decline in some prices, especially in Consols. That is clear proof, as already said, that confidence is rapidly recovering; and it is an indication of what will be generally done by-and-bye when people begin to tire of the very low interest that can be had on those exceedingly good securities. We may expect, then, before long not only greater courage on the part of those who have new money to invest, but also a shifting of securities by those who would touch only the very best securities while the crisis lasted. That, after a while, will give greater activity to the stock markets. And in the same way the extreme cheapness of money will by-and-bye tend to stimulate trade. When money can be had so cheaply as at present, those who have a little courage will be tempted into enterprises that they would not have ventured upon a little while ago; and the instant new enterprises are engaged in more activity will be given to trade, and that in its turn will stimulate fresh enterprise. The great cheapness of money, then, which prevails all over the civilized world is not only leading immediately to an extraordinary rise in the best classes of securities, but before very long is certain to result in an improvement in trade and in the extension of investment. With the improvement in trade it will also lead to the bringing out of more loans and Companies than we have been accustomed to for a considerable time. Doubtless, also, there will be a recommencement of those conversions by Governments which were so numerous a little while ago. For instance, it seems clear that the Indian Government could convert its sterling Three and a Half per Cents with great advantage to itself, as it would not only lower the interest but reduce the Home charges.

Short loans have been in strong demand all through the week, and there has likewise been some rise in the discount rate in the open market. The movements, however, are entirely temporary, mainly due to the large collection of the revenue. In a very short time we may expect the supply in the open market largely to increase, and rates, therefore, to be low for several months. The Bank of England is exceptionally strong, and is likely to grow stronger as time goes on. During the week ended Wednesday night the net receipts of gold by the Bank amounted to nearly half a million; and the metal is likely to continue pouring in, as the demand for the Continent has ceased, while the exports both from Australia and South Africa are large, and the general impression is that a good deal will come from New York.

The India Council has been again very successful in the sales of its drafts. During the week ended Tuesday night it sold somewhat over a crore and a half of rupees, realizing nearly 908,000*l.* From the 1st of April to Tuesday evening its total sales realized somewhat over 8½ millions sterling.

On Wednesday it offered, as usual, 50 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, and sold over 32 lakhs, the greater part at 1s. 2d. per rupee, but a small amount up to 1s. 2½d. The prices obtained are exceedingly satisfactory. It remains to be seen whether the demand will continue. Unquestionably the exports from India at present are on a large scale, and the accumulation of money in the Presidency Treasuries has made the supply in the open market in India scarce. It is possible, therefore, that the demand may continue fairly good throughout the present month. The silver market has been firmer during the week, the price rising to 27½d. per oz. and reaching to 27½d.

The Board of Trade returns for February are again satisfactory. The value of the imports was a little under 34 millions, being an increase of not much under 4½ millions, or 14 per cent. compared with February last year. The value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures was 17,679,000l., an increase of 586,000l., or nearly 3½ per cent. It is true that a large part of the increase is due to the extraordinary exports of cotton piece goods to India, and the Indian demand for these goods has now fallen off. It may, therefore, be said with a certain amount of truth that the improvement in February is exceptional and temporary. Roughly, the exports to India during the month of February showed an increase of about 900,000l. compared with February of last year, or nearly 100 per cent. But it may be pointed out, on the other hand, that there was a great falling off in the exports to the United States, the total decrease compared with February of last year being, in round figures, nearly 800,000l. Consequently the falling off in the trade with the United States is nearly as great as the increase in the trade with India. But the depression in the United States is as exceptional and temporary as the improvement in India. By-and-bye, it may safely be predicted, there will be a great increase in the American demand. The main point to notice is, that there has been a better demand for our goods from other countries, leaving out of account both India and the United States. Especially there has been a decided increase in the demand for coal for the Continent. Upon the whole, then, the export statistics are satisfactory. The large increase in the imports is also satisfactory. Much of it is due, no doubt, to the immense imports of barley, oats, maize, and raw sugar; but the larger part of it is due to an increase in the raw materials of manufactures, especially cotton, wool, flax, and jute.

The Council of Foreign Bondholders has published the reply sent by the Greek Prime Minister to the joint letter of the Committees of Greek bondholders in England, France, and Germany, transmitted to him some weeks ago. The reply is rather vague; but it is satisfactory to this extent, that the Prime Minister again repeats that the suspension of the guarantees and the tampering with the interest were purely temporary, and that no permanent change can be made except with the consent of the bondholders.

Business on the Stock Exchange has been quiet this week; but, notwithstanding complaints by members, there is a fair amount of investment business going on. The extraordinary demand for the very best classes of securities, which we comment upon above, has not lasted. Holders have been selling, tempted by the high prices, and investors have been rather holding off. The investment demand now is running upon securities not quite so highly esteemed, and it is extending to good American bonds and other kinds of foreign securities. Speculation has been, fortunately, checked. Owing to the rise in Consols and other first-class securities there was an inclination, a week or so ago, to speculate rather rashly. It is satisfactory that this inclination has now been checked. There is no improvement yet in the United States; the deadlock in the Senate continues; the split in the Democratic party seems to be widening; and the authority of the President is not as powerful as it seemed to be. Naturally, in this state of things, there is an unwillingness on all sides to do much business. Prices are exceedingly low, trade is bad, employment is scarce, and nobody can foresee how the tariff question will be settled. The civil war in Brazil seems as far from an end as ever; apprehensions of political disturbance in Argentina continue, and the state of Chili is unsatisfactory; while of course all the silver-using countries are in a bad way. Upon the Continent the Bourses are fairly strong. There is a good deal of speculation in both Austria and Hungary. There are signs of improvement in Germany, where great things are hoped for from

the Russo-German commercial treaty; and there has been an improvement in Italian Rentes. In Paris business is quiet; but the great bankers are still confident that before long business will decidedly revive.

The Home Railway market has continued firm throughout the week, there being a good demand especially for Scotch stocks. Caledonian Undivided closed on Thursday at 124½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½. North British Deferred closed at 41½, a rise of 1½. London and Brighton Undivided closed at 167, a rise of 1; and South-Eastern Undivided closed at 116, also a rise of 1. There has been an advance in the American market during the week. Chiefly owing to the successful completion of the Erie reorganization, the Second Mortgage bonds of that Company closed on Thursday at 88, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 3½. Milwaukee shares closed at 63½, a rise of 2½; Illinois shares closed at 94½, a rise of 1; and Pennsylvania shares closed at 51½, a rise of ½. Brazilian Four and a Half closed at 59 on Thursday, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Costa Rica "A" closed at 45-50, a fall of 3; and Egyptian Unified closed at 103½, a fall of 1½. But Bulgarian Sixes closed at 97½, a rise of 1½; Spanish closed at 65½, a rise of 1½; Italian closed at 74½, a rise of 1½; and French Rentes closed at 99, a rise of ½. In the miscellaneous department the greatest movement has been in Allsopp's Ordinary, which closed on Thursday at 105, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 10½. Eighteen months ago the same security was quoted as low as under 12.

ENCORES.

OUR good old friend the "encore" question, after slumbering in peace for three or four years, has been revived by the painful circumstances of Mme. Patey's untimely death; and it is just possible that the shadow of that pathetic incident may for a time check the too boisterous exuberance of some audiences. If so a good many of us will be profoundly thankful. But there is reason in all things; and to proceed to demand the "total abolition and utter suppression" of encores because a popular singer has happened to die immediately after granting one is not absolutely wise. In the first place, the demand is doomed to certain failure; and, in the second, it would do more harm than good if successful. Personally we thoroughly dislike the practice of making performers play or sing again, and would gladly see it abandoned; but to elevate one's own wishes into laws of taste and to cram them down the throats of one's fellow-hearers savours of arrogance, and to do it in the supposed interests of the performers is to show a complete ignorance of the game. For the plain truth is that, while audiences like encores, performers simply revel in them, and a popular singer is much more likely to die from mortification at not being encored than from the exertion entailed by going through an ordinary concert-song. If you take away this source of gratification, you deprive them of the sweetest reward for present exertions and the strongest incentive to future ones.

It has always been so, and the history of music is full of proofs of it; for this question, like that of the deterioration of servants and many others which are supposed to be new, is really very old. One of the most striking instances on record of an importunately demanded encore and its effect on the poor ill-treated performer concerns no less a person than Mozart. The barbarous audience at Prague applauded one of his symphonies so persistently that he sat down to the piano and played; and, not content with this "inhuman" self-sacrifice, they made him play again and again. By all the rules of Art—with a big A—and of pedantry, he should have left Prague next day in disgust; but such was his inartistic nature that he was enchanted with so "intelligent and appreciative" a public, and resolved to write them an opera. The world has heard of that opera since; it was *Don Giovanni*, and surely the most superior person among us may hesitate to condemn the practice which stimulated a Mozart to write a *Don Giovanni*. Truly it was a flagrant case. One does not know which incurred the heaviest blame—the audience that encored a symphony, or the composer who took the applause to himself and answered it by a pianoforte solo. Another very similar incident will be a

repetition, as showing the value placed by the greatest artists on ebullitions of enthusiasm from their audience, and consequently the injury which would be done to art by mechanically repressing them by a hard-and-fast rule. When Mendelssohn paid his first visit to England he was in a very depressed state of mind, and the enthusiastic behaviour of a Philharmonic audience in insisting upon the repetition of a movement in one of his symphonies had the effect, in his own words, of "lifting a stone from his heart."

In truth, the great men have never concealed their hunger for applause and their intense delight in it. The longer and louder it was the better they liked it. Silent appreciation, listeners too deeply moved to applaud, and all that sort of thing, are no good for musicians. "We artists," said Beethoven, "don't want tears, we want applause"; and he scolded Goethe roundly for being too artistic to express his appreciation by a good honest hand-clap. There was not much humbug about Beethoven, and if he was not above openly confessing his love of applause, lesser people surely need take no shame in admitting theirs. Public performers who pretend that they dislike being encored are not superior, but only shamming. Theirs is the pride that apes humility. Necessarily, for they are only there to please; that is their business in life, and they cannot tell if they have succeeded unless the audience shows its pleasure. And the most complete expression of pleasure is the encore. In one sense, the most modest of performers, and those with the highest ideal, need the most applause, for they are the least ready to believe in their own success. One can imagine a supremely self-satisfied singer taking it for granted that the audience is delighted; but one who knows his own shortcomings, which is the mark of the true artist, is inclined to fancy that every one else is equally conscious of them, and he therefore needs all the more heartening up by honest praise. By all means, some may say, let them have a fair amount of praise, but not the encore. Have those who write in this sense to the papers ever faced a public audience? Have they ever been encored? Have they ever been guilty of a little playing or singing, a little declamation, or any other accomplishment for the amusement of others in a friend's drawing-room, or even in the privacy of their domestic circle, and have their listeners ever said, "Oh, do go on!" or "Please sing that again!"? If so, we will go bail for it that they derived far more gratification from the experience than from a formal "Thank you!" or a "silent appreciation." And if their efforts have ever been met by a storm of applause and a many-throated demand for more that would take no refusal, then we challenge them to deny that it was one of the most exhilarating moments in their lives.

Of course the thing may be, and often is, overdone. It has an abuse as well as a use, like most other things, and for the former we have nothing to say; but care should be taken not to confound them. The people who habitually dislike encores have no right to dictate to the rest. They are of two classes—those who care too much and those who care too little for music. The latter have no business to be there at all, and the former must bear with the weaker brethren, knowing that it is only a question of degree, and that there are special occasions when they too like to hear a thing repeated, unless indeed they are pedants, with sawdust for souls, and a little bundle of cut-and-dried rules instead of human impulses. The abuse comes in when a small, but noisy, section imposes its stupid will on the majority, or when an audience continues importunate after an artist has plainly shown a disinclination to "oblige" again. But this is simply a matter of good manners and good sense, which cannot be imposed by regulations. For the rest let a man say, by all means, that he hates encores because he wants to get home, and the concert is too long for him already; but, in the name of honesty, let us drop the cant about "protecting" artists from a selfish custom. As well talk about protecting dogs from the selfish custom of giving them bones.

CHESS NOTES.

MESSRS. STEINITZ and Lasker do not yet seem to know whether they are going to fight for the championship of chess or to part, better friends than ever, without fighting. According to the latest account of their negotiations which has reached this country, Monday next

was fixed upon as the limit of delay, but it had not been determined whether the encounter should take place at New York or Montreal, at Philadelphia or San Francisco. The proposal is to play for the first ten wins, and for 2,250 dollars. This is clearly a case of 'twere well it were done quickly, for the combatants have made a somewhat long stand upon the order of their going.

Meanwhile in London, on the first Saturday in April, a hundred players of the South will meet a hundred of the North, for a return match to that played at Birmingham on January 28, 1893. The Birmingham score, it will be remembered, was fifty all on the hundred games, but the teams had been made up to a hundred and six, and the South left off with a point to the good. A more decisive victory for one side or the other may be expected in April; though, as we have said before, with large selected teams there is a natural tendency towards equality.

The Universities meet in town next week, and will play their match, as usual, in the rooms of the British Chess Club. Cambridge heads the record by eight matches, twenty games, out of the twenty-one matches hitherto played. This year Oxford appears to have some fairly strong recruits, and has done rather better than Cambridge in her trials against London players. But we are not rash enough to found any prophecy upon that.

The placid art of chess has sundry and divers advantages over most other delectable occupations, the which it were superfluous to set down in detail for the instruction of any gently-nurtured mind. It excels, in the words of a Teutonic enthusiast, as a *Lustgefecht* and as a *Kriegspiel*; it is good for rivalry and strategy, for the expulsion of humours and the assuagement of domestic jars. These and other virtues proceed largely from its infinite variety of combination and resource. Every move of each of the thirty-two pieces affects every succeeding move of all the rest; and, when only a dozen or twenty pieces remain on the board, the possible variations of a single move and reply may generally be numbered by the thousand. In such a maze of moves the good player threads his way by a sort of cultivated instinct, not so much as heeding a tithe of the turnings which lie open to him, and not seriously studying, in the most difficult situations, more than the two or three alternations which jump to his eyes. It is when a player has reached this stage in his development that the problem begins to attract and interest him.

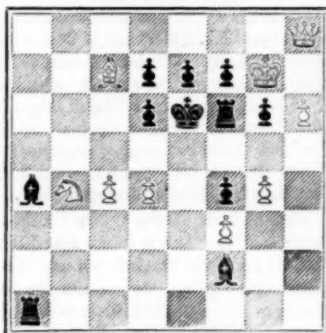
The pleasures of problem-solving and problem-composition differ in some important respects from those of playing out a whole game from start to finish. A mating problem may be looked upon as a trimmed end-game, in which the final *coup* has to be delivered in a limited number of moves—a natural position which might easily occur at the end of a formal game, and from which all pieces not affecting the manœuvres of the attacking forces have been removed; but it is also something better and more recondite than that. In playing a game, mates in three or four or five moves are often missed, because there is no time to look for them. Problems are picked out, not fortuitous; we know beforehand what we have to find, and there is no time limit. If this may be thought by the scoffer to be a doubtful advantage, let it be remembered that a good problem is not merely recondite, but also a thing of beauty—and the time is well paid for. Each move of White's must be the best possible; for him there is no second best. His first move involves, of course, the idea and scheme of the solution, and provides for a rejoinder to every possible variation in the defence of Black; but the position is not worth considering if its deviser has not taken care that each particular step in the attack shall be non-evident, without superabundance of force, yet engaging all the resources of both sides, and irresistible.

From such general principles have been evolved the laws which decide what is admissible and what is inadmissible in a chess problem. There must be nothing on the board which is not necessary to the solution, either for active co-operation or for obstruction. White can have only one first or key move; for more than one way of setting to work would argue an excess of force. For a similar reason, because it is better to win by strategy than by force, White must not on his first move either take a piece or give a check. To do either of these things would not be fighting a duel, but finishing off a prostrate enemy. The best problems are those in which the triumph of strategy over force is most conspicuous. The stronger Black's position seems to be at first sight, the more credit there is in

beating him; though, of course, it is also more creditable to give a weak enemy his quietus full, fair, and fetisly than to bungle in dispatching him. Thus it may be a very fine problem to mate in two moves when it would be both easy and inelegant to wind up the business in three or four.

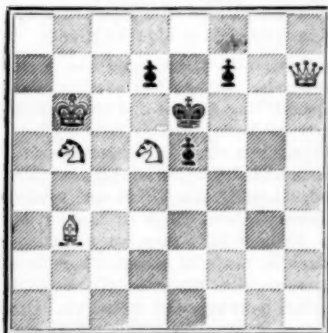
It must be admitted that some of the problems too indulgently printed from week to week by the conductors of popular chess columns are insufficiently ambitious in point of style and form. In not a few Black is so much at the mercy of his opponent that the difficulty of the composer has evidently been to bar out a whole crowd of fatal checks rather than to devise one ingenious mate. In other cases the initial position is so transparently artificial that only a couple of clumsy players could have wriggled themselves into it in the course of a game. The marginal mate in four is a good example of a bad position. Black's pawns are in an absurd, not to say impossible, medley. The first move is evident, the rest easy; yet Black has plenty of strength on the board, and the construction is not altogether lacking in cleverness. The reader may be disposed to see for himself whether the position is sound; whether it is what it professes to be, a mate in four; whether White has an alternative first move; and whether he has more than one rejoinder to each move of Black's.

A MATE IN FOUR.
BLACK—11 Pieces.



WHITE—9 Pieces.

A MATE IN TWO.
BLACK—4 Pieces.



WHITE—5 Pieces.

The last comer in the host of modern chess-books is a handy *Pocket Manual*, by Mr. Gossip, published by Mr. Edward Arnold. At a pinch it will tuck into the waistcoat pocket, and its information about the principal openings and gambits is neither too much nor too little to be mastered by anyone who lays himself out to be a good player. There are other books which answer the same purpose. Mr. Gossip's must take its chance with the rest, but its shape and size are in its favour.

THE THEATRES.

TOOLE'S Theatre has been so long without a new piece that the professional first-nighter, an ever-growing race, in numbers if not in intelligence, had almost forgotten it until Tuesday night, when Mr. Toole returned to town and opened with a three-act farce, honestly so described, by Mr. Ralph Lumley, the author of another clever farce, *Uncle Jack*. *The Best Man* is the title of Mr. Lumley's effort. It is a farce of ingenious complication, though it must be said that the invention is better than the treatment. The initial idea is not impossible; indeed, it is scarcely improbable. A widow lady of the class of

Mrs. Montaubyn is not unlikely to pawn the diamonds given her by her intended second husband, even if she does not possess the extravagant younger brother here created for a pretty obvious purpose. She is the sort of woman who, if she cannot marry a baronet or a major, keeps a genteel boarding-house in Bloomsbury or Brighton, and talks of by-gone better days. She might very well be without a penny in coin with ever so good a cheque in her pocket, uncashed and uncashable; but her "method," as Mr. Sherlock Holmes or Mr. Brookfield would call it, in dealing with the timid railway director in the train would be much more subtle, practical, and effective. The farcical drama of the railway communicator is a great possibility; but as yet it is only a possibility. Not that *The Best Man* is a bad play; but, having regard to the material, it certainly ought to be better. A farce with a feebler foundation would have disappointed us less. Yet the handling of the subject is not wanting in ingenuity. One fault of modern farce-writing is here clearly apparent, though not to the irritating extent in which it is to be found in some recent productions—notably *Mrs. Dexter*, at the Strand Theatre—that is to say, the straining for complication for complication's sake. Even that error here is mitigated by the absence of its concomitant vice, the prevalent humour of the pantomime rally. Indeed, the representation of the farce was slow to a fault; but this may be corrected.

The part of Sir Lovel Gage, the railway director baronet, is not very definitely drawn. Perhaps this is as well, and may be the result of design, since it has given Mr. Toole an opportunity of investing it with his own genial and interesting personality to an extent which would be impossible in the case of a more severely and precisely delineated character. Of the amorous station-master, Minch, Mr. George Shelton has made an admirable sketch on lines which remind us of the deft touch of Mr. Charles Keene in another branch of art. This performance is instinct with delightful humour, as is the Sarah Spooner of Miss Eliza Johnstone, a character actress whose services were never more valuable than in the present case. The part of the widow, Mrs. Montaubyn, furnished a most interesting study to all who have watched the career of Miss Beatrice Lamb. It seems likely that Mr. Lumley had Mrs. John Wood, and her audaciously humorous performance in *Aunt Jack*, in his eye when he devised this character, and in that respect Miss Lamb was heiress to Alexander in undertaking it. She attacked the part boldly, almost too boldly; she went out of her way to give the part a hardness, not to say a harshness, which was scarcely necessary, if it was not inappropriate; but she failed to complete her sacrifice by imparting the suggestion of lightness or humour, which, however, she may presently acquire.

The two-part piece is an exotic, and is likely to remain so, in spite of the cleverness bestowed upon it, which, if lavished upon humorous works of another character, might be of inestimable value in the matter of one-act plays. One of the neatest and brightest of such pieces that the English stage has seen for some time is *Fashionable Intelligence*, by Mr. Percy Fendall, which now precedes *The Transgressor* at the Court Theatre. The notion is necessarily slight—that of a timid suitor who seeks to bring the object of his affections to book by arranging an announcement of his engagement to some one else in the *Morning Post*; her discovery of the ruse, and their consequent reconciliation—but it provides just the necessary material for the forty odd minutes' dialogue and soliloquy. Mr. Fendall's language is terse, pertinent, and at times pungent, and the interpretation, it is needless to say, gives the fullest effect to the author's intentions. Miss Lottie Venne has done nothing better for a long time than her rendering of Mrs. Fitzadam, the qualities which have served her so well in comedy, apart from her unique gifts in burlesque, displaying themselves to perfection in a small compass. Her facial expression when she is left alone with her admirer's correspondence is worth seeing for itself alone. Mr. Brookfield's quietest and most polished manner is employed here with admirable effect. His natural and unaffected manner is the very perfection of the particular kind of acting here needed.

A NEW LIGHT.

(Mr. L-B-CH-RE *loquitur*.)

I HAD thought I could group quite a staunch little troop
 'Gainst the rule of a Peer to contend;
 They appeared quite the stuff for a Cave—but enough!
 You all know the unfortunate end.
 I have simply got left, of my backers bereft,
 In a wild indiscriminate bolt;
 Yes! I'm left, with my Cave for political grave,
 By the sneaks who'd agreed to revolt.
 Yet you must not suppose I'm ashamed or distressed
 My discomfiture thus to record,
 For I was not aware, and I could not have guessed,
 That "the Radical loves a lord."

How, indeed, could I know? Why, whenever you go
 For a volley of Radical cheers,
 You can't possibly try a more promising cry
 For the purpose than "Down with the Peers!"
 For it raises a thrill such as nothing else will,
 And a question no Liberal shelves
 (With exception, perhaps, of some half-dozen chaps
 In the Cabinet, nobles themselves).
 And of course, when a cry such as that is received
 With a howl from the Radical horde,
 Could an innocent hermit like me have believed
 That "the Radical loves a lord"?

Why, it isn't a week since he ventured to speak
 Of the latest creations with pain,
 And the stern *D--ly N--ws*, though it sought to excuse,
 Says they're "never to do it again."
 Well, a statement so flat, from a quarter like that,
 Is a pledge we can never recall,
 So I'm bound to suppose that when R-s-b-ry goes
 He'll distribute no honours at all.
 When such incidents make one decline all attempt
 At resisting the proof they afford,
 I could hardly suspect—nay, could never have dreamt—
 That "the Radical loves a lord."

I am childlike and bland, and I can't understand
 How a man can be so insincere
 As to rail in this style at the Lords all the while
 That he secretly worships a Peer.
 I am blinded outright by this lurid new light
 On mankind and feel forced to retire,
 As was usual, I'm told, with the Christians of old,
 To a seat by the smoking-room fire;
 Where, lost in sad thought, 'tis my settled intent
 To perpend the conclusion abhorred,
 To which none but the cynic will ever assent,
 That "the Radical loves a lord."

REVIEWS.

YORUBA RELIGION.

The Yoruba-speaking Peoples. By Lieutenant-Colonel A. B. Ellis.
 London: Chapman & Hall, 1894.

AFTER describing the religion and institutions of the Tshi and Ewe-speaking peoples, Colonel Ellis has come to the Yorubas of the Slave Coast. He first sketches their history. Their most peculiar custom was "putting the spot on" an unpopular king by sending him parrot's eggs. He then committed suicide. As space is limited, we leave the history with the remark that Yorubas are more patriotic, sociable, and intelligent, more advanced in every way, than their neighbours. This declares itself in a religion more polytheistic, better equipped with rude statues of gods, and less purely animistic than the faith of the Tshi and Ewe peoples. State gods, tribal or national, tend to supersede vague local gods and goblins. Olorun, the sky-god or Zeus, is a god of the Epicureans, great and careless, rarely invoked. He answers to similar deities in Australia. The missionaries use his name for God, and, we learn, regard him as a fragment of primitive tradition. Without going so far, we may remark that here, as in Australia and elsewhere, the idea of the chief god does look rather like a decadent form of an earlier than like a growing form of a newer and more advanced con-

ception. On the theory of consistent progress, Olorun should be the latest step in the monotheistic path. But we often find such notions in a state of decay, as it were, the supreme or superior deity being neglected for departmental divinities. Thus among modern dupes who make a religion of Spiritualism the ghosts tend to "take a front seat," and leave Deity in abeyance. For these reasons, which could only be stated fully at great length and with many examples, we doubt whether the modern conception of the gradual development of a superior, or supreme, or unique god out of lower elements of savage faith is a theory that can be demonstrated. We often see spirits, fetishes, trees, hills, rivers, bogles, in prominent force among savages who have vestiges of a very much more lofty and spiritual conception of a Godhead. On the theory of development the more spiritual conception should be the more conspicuous, as the freshest. But this is certainly not the case, and whencesoever the higher conception came, it apparently did not come, or not always, from the clearer and more collective ideas which should attend political and scientific progress. This is not the view of most anthropologists; but more may be said for it than they seem to admit. The authority of Mr. Tylor, and of Mr. Herbert Spencer, is against us here; but a topic so obscure cannot be examined in too many lights. It is most improbable that anthropology in its present mood will ever discover the "crigin" of religion. "Olorun is not" just now "an omniscient being." But "The venerable One" may have lost or given away some of his attributes, and, if this be so, he is rather to be regarded as a very ancient and decadent than as a newly developed deity.

Obatala, Lord of the White Cloth, is the chief god in active practice. He "enters into a man," like Apollo, and like all the demons and gods who entered into the Mediums, as described by the Neoplatonists. He unveils the future by visions, he speaks through mortals. But little is said of this; ordinary divination among the Yorubas is mechanical, a complicated kind of *sortes*. Olorun made Obatala, and abdicated in his favour. In one myth Obatala made men and women of clay, like Prometheus. He determines the guilt or innocence of the accused in an odd way. The accused kneels down; a wooden cylinder, three and a half feet in length, two in diameter, is placed on his head; he holds it in both hands firmly. It begins to move and shake; if it falls off in front, he goes free, if backward, he is guilty. This is plainly part of primitive table-turning, as in the shaken medicine lodges of the Red Indians, and the flying table of Central Asia, and the agitated staffs of Africa and Thibet. The popular theory is that a little child, properly instructed, is inside the cylinder.

There is a thunder-god—Shango—as Greece and the Veda had their iron-smith thunder-gods. Shango has a mixture of Euhemerism. In one myth, answering to that of Purusha, men and gods came from the body of Yemaja. This is a myth of world-wide diffusion. Gods speak in a bird-like twittering voice, like the dead in Homer; like old Jeffrey, who haunted Mr. Wesley's house in 1716, and, generally, like ghosts and spirits, ancient and modern, from China to Peru, where Cieza de Leon mentions the circumstance. Colonel Ellis supposes a confederate priest, whispering through a blade of grass. There is a Mumbo Jumbo called Engungun, like the New Guinea *duc-duc*; he is a disguised man, but he is regarded with awe. Oro is a bush spirit who makes a whirring noise. This is imitated by what the Australians call the *Turndun*, and Greeks the *πομπος*—a small flat piece of wood twirled round on a string. New Mexico, South Africa, New Zealand, all use this, like the Yorubas and ancient Greeks. Writers on this widely diffused toy have not observed that "a whirring noise" accompanies the presence of spirits, as Iamblichus declares, and as occurred at the Wesleys', and in the affair of the Cock Lane Ghost. We do not know whether the theory that a spirit ought to whirr produced the *turndun*, or whether the invention of the *turndun* gave rise to the belief in the whirring noises of spirits, as in British Guiana, according to Mr. Im Thurn. As to ghosts, the Yorubas, like Reginald Scot (1584), believe that we have each an "astral body" (Scot), a "Co-walker" (Kirk), a *ka* (old Egyptian), which they style a *kya*. It enters us at birth, and goes away at death, but is *not* the soul. That fares to a Hades (*Ipo-oku*), where it may be followed and consulted by the living. The Tshi and Ewe peoples believe in a still more complex personality. In addition to the soul, we have each two *kras*, which give good or bad advice. The recognized phenomena of epilepsy and other diseases have revived Ewe philosophy in the shape of the "unconscious self" or selves. Colonel Ellis writes with originality on the savage ideas caused by the birth of children who reproduce the aspect and mannerisms of dead relations. This originated or confirmed the idea of the *kra*; the *kra* has come back, not the soul. But as the idea of a wraith of a living man is very familiar to savages, we conceive that a man who sees the Wet

Blanket or Red Horse in one place while that brave is really in another, would at once hit on the hypothesis of a *kra*. It is not Wet Blanket's soul which he saw, for that was in Wet Blanket's body at a distance. There is, then, another kind of soul; why not call it a *kra*? Really this is as good a theory as any other if a savage has not got so far as to believe in casually objectified impressions of sense. To our thinking, then, the theory of the *kra*, and perhaps of the *ka*, is based on hallucinations of the presence of the living who are really absent. When Peter unexpectedly appears in the *Acts*, they say "it is his angel," that is his wraith, *ka*, *kra*, or *kla*, or his doppelganger, or co-walker. When Wet Blanket being dead walks, that, again, cannot be his soul, which is in the Place of the Dead, so it is his *kra* or astral body, which, in Reginald Scot's opinion (or, rather, in that of his continuator in an edition of the *Restoration*), is apt to dry up in process of time.

These are examples of early psychological science, working hypotheses of the intelligent savage. They "colligate" the supposed facts, but are difficult of demonstration. Colonel Ellis has useful chapters on proverbs and popular tales, which turn on *données* common in European *Märchen*. For example, that of Perrault's *Les Fées*—our *Toads and Pearls*. The colouring is thoroughly native; and, if originally borrowed, the tales have long been acclimatized. As to the family, Colonel Ellis finds that Yoruba institutions are most easily understood on Mr. McLennan's system of kinship through women, gradually modified into male kinship. A long linguistic appendix closes a very valuable and praiseworthy book, for which anthropological science is deeply indebted to Colonel Ellis.

NOVELS.

- Woe to the Conquered*. By Alfred Clarke. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1893.
A Woman of Heart. By Thomas Terrell. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1893.
Mr. Bailey-Martin. A Novel. By Percy White. 1 vol. London: William Heinemann. 1894.
Pan Michael. An Historical Novel of Poland, the Ukraine, and Turkey. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. London: O. Good, McIlvaine, & Co. 1893.
The Way they Loved at Grimpat. Village Idylls. By Rentoul Esler. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1894.
A Buried Sin. A Novel. By Lady Duffus Hardy. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1894.
The Little Squire: a Story of Three. By Mrs. H. de la Pasture. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co.
Richard Escott. By Edward H. Cooper. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.
Under the Yoke. A Novel from the Bulgarian of Ivan Vazoff. London: William Heinemann. 1894.

IT can be no easy matter for an author to make himself thoroughly at home in the manners and customs of the years B.C. 73-71. Yet Mr. Alfred Clarke has enabled his readers to breathe the atmosphere of that time in his novel, *Woe to the Conquered*. Many scenes are described with great vividness, yet with so much ease and simplicity that one experiences none of the strait-laced sensations so often produced by the historical novel. The author takes as the foundation for his story the mutiny of the gladiators and the Slave War which raged throughout Italy B.C. 73-71. The account of the gladiators' training-school, of the lion-fight in the amphitheatre at Capua, of the band of Roman soldiers who lose their way and are without water while crossing the Libyan desert—these, and many other incidents, are told in a way that renders them absorbingly interesting. The love story is in no way worthy the network of stirring descriptions through which it winds, nor are the individual specimens of humanity otherwise than uninteresting and superficial. But the class characteristics of the day—the world of the gladiator, the slave, the freedman, and the free-born, of the Roman soldier, of the wealthy citizen—all these are excellent pictures, in which considerable historical research is blended with a high order of descriptive power, and the dead facts of a past age are vivified into living realities capable of appealing to and arousing a modern mind. The best specimen the book contains of this kind is the account of the revolt of the gladiators. These wretched slaves, in spite of the degrading oppression which overpowers them, are yet ennobled by the wish to free themselves; but, this freedom once attained, the baseness of their natures asserts itself, and they in turn abuse their power, as regardless of justice as their oppressors. On the other hand, the sense of duty, so deeply implanted in the vilest of Roman soldiers, is shown when the brutal gladiator-master meets his ghastly death with fortitude, and, even when life is almost extinct, he does not neglect to fulfil the last service which the responsibilities of his post exact.

In *A Woman of Heart* we are again given an example that Mr. Terrell need not have recourse to collaboration in order to produce a good novel. A rising M.P. and barrister marries Ruth Elliott, an opera-singer, because he is in love with her. She marries John Armitage, M.P., for the attainment of her ideals—an entrance into society and a fair name. Soon, however, the tables are turned. Armitage withdraws his interest in his wife to become engrossed in professional occupations. She grows jealous of his public life. Gradually this jealousy develops into love, and she begins to accord him that worship which he at first had bestowed, unreturned, upon her. The basis of this situation is natural enough, but the manner of its development is somewhat crude, and the unattractiveness of both the man and woman adds to this defect. Ruth is flippant, but not fascinating, and John Armitage's cold-blooded worldly ambition is scarcely less repulsive than his selfish indifference to his wife. She, we are given to understand, is a clever woman—clever, at least, in her power of fascinating men. But her way of trying to recapture her husband's affections can hardly be termed anything but stupid. "She studied him," we are told, with the result that "when he had work to do, papers to read, a political speech to prepare, she would sit on a stool at his feet, humbling herself that he might take some notice of her": the sympathy of the reader is inevitably removed from the injured wife to the offending husband. He represents a not uncommon type; he is described as a Radical because, being a self-made man, without wealth or rank, he envies the lot of men more fortunate than himself; but, "as in the case of many other men, he persuaded himself into the idea that he was a Radical because he wished to benefit his fellow-men." The second volume develops into an admirable sensational plot. A man is murdered; Armitage is suspected and accused. He believes his wife to be guilty, but does not do more than curse her in his heart. She accuses herself to free him, though believing him to be guilty. The case is finally proved to be one of suicide. The reader knows the truth from the beginning; but this increases rather than diminishes his interest in the successive situations. The title *A Woman of Heart* evidently refers to the heroine, but it is not specially appropriate, since she had no suspicion of a heart until she fell in love, and then she had none save for the man whom she worshipped. Among the minor characters, Bob Fenwick represents a scoundrel of the milder type. The villainies of Sparrow, a money-lender, are absorbingly attractive. Lady Calcott—who, it appears, stands for "Society"—is not an ideal candidate.

The humour in *Mr. Bailey-Martin* is distinctly good in the "Ferdinand, Count Fathom" line. The author does not once take off the mask of his hero, who tells his own story; yet one is cleverly enabled to see all that is recorded in its true light, Mr. Bailey-Martin's view of the matter only assisting to a more intimate appreciation of his own character. His father raised himself to the giddy height of being owner of the Oloptic Stores, Surbiton, and his son, after completing his education at "Harrowby" and Oxford, aspires to yet greater things. The portraits of the various members of this family, and the way in which their different characters are made to reflect upon each other, is, perhaps, the best piece of characterization in the book. Lady Gertrude's philosophy is amusingly treated, but the scene of her death, inserted, as it is, in the midst of such subtle comedy, is out of tune and tone. There are other passages which jar strangely, especially in the latter part of the book, but, as a whole, it is an achievement something more than clever.

✓ The work of a translator may be said to be twofold; first, he must preserve the characteristics of the original; secondly, he must adapt his translation to the manner and peculiarities of the language in which he writes. There may be cases in which it is impossible to fulfil both these requirements; at all events, it must be acknowledged that the first is by far the most essential of the two. Mr. Curtin's translation of *Pan Michael* could certainly not be mistaken for good English, but he has preserved in a marvellous manner the whole character, in its strength and in its weakness, of the semi-Eastern nationalities with which this novel deals. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that the book is not a translation from Polish into English, but one which translates its English readers into Poles. Through the first chapters the bold attempt at such a metamorphosis points to failure. For instance, it is difficult to suppress a smile over such a sentence as this:—"Pan Michael increased" (the scene is a ball-room) "like bread-rising and nodded his head, keeping time with Basia's movements; Pan Zagloba, standing near, held a tankard in his hand, tapped with his foot and dropped liquor on the floor; but at times he and the little knight turned and looked at each other with uncommon rapture and puffing." Also the English reader recoils before the frequency of such a sentiment as—"In a moment he was in love with her to kill." The

strength of the book, however, lies, not in its romantic, but in its warlike and national, element. It is an historical novel, dealing with the Turkish War of 1672-74, when the Sultan marched against the Poles to support Doroshenko. The narrative of the galley-slave, so simply yet so forcibly told, is ingeniously introduced just before the commencement of the war, and its horrors raise a thirst for vengeance as keen as if the wrongs were our own. The military enthusiasm of the author shows itself in this, that he glories almost equally in the feats of the enemy, when he has these to record, as in those of his own nation, nor are the Polish soldiers spared when their actions deserve censure. Nothing could exceed the vigour with which some incidents of the campaign are told—the onslaught in a thunderstorm, when a force of only three hundred dragoons scatters “to the four winds of the world nearly two thousand cavalry,” the ghastly torture of the son of Tugai Bey, the siege of Kamenyets and its final surrender. But in all these descriptions, however striking, their effect seems due to the force of the thing described, not to the description of it. The work is not literary or dramatic, it is historical and national. The personality of the author is never apparent—we do not listen to a tale that is told; we ourselves take part in the actual events. ✓

Mrs. Esler may be numbered amongst the many writers of short stories who have followed in the steps of Mary Wilkinson with more or less success. Considering that the village idyls in *The Way they Loved at Grimpat* are all of the same kind, it is surprising that they are not even more monotonous. At Grimpat—as in many other places—the main characteristic of the individuals into whose intimate affairs we are privileged to look is the wide difference between them and the general herd amongst whom they live. In almost every one of these nine idyls we are told of some “who hold themselves higher than most.” Grimpat is a small place, so the competition for superiority can leave but few out in the cold. Most of these stories turn on the making of surprising marriages—the ugly ducklings carry off the prizes, and the fair and charming maidens, who have all the neighbourhood at their feet, pair off with those of small degree. “Naomi” is a rather powerful story, containing the moral which, if not new nor controverted, yet is true—namely, that the poor are sensitive and have their pride, as well as the more well-to-do. The numerous instances of farmers farming their own land are a little startling in the history of an English village, since the farmer-proprietor is decidedly an exceptional being in this country; but these stories are pleasantly written, and contain specimens of genuine human nature.

A Buried Sin turns out, of course, to be, as from the first is hoped and expected, an unburied sin, or, rather, a sin which, in spite of burial, gets up to haunt its perpetrator. Before business begins every one is paired off, as in the game of old maid, but one young lady has two men appropriated to her, and the clockwork sticks, as is only right, for the first volume. All the parents wish for moneyed sons- or daughters-in-law, and all the respective sons and daughters think these principles “rot.” The monotonous repetition of this divergence of opinion may be said to resemble life, if it has no other merit. The book is remarkable for heartless mothers. One, without any hesitation, believes her son to be guilty of forgery because the law has so declared, and she does not even trouble herself to ascertain his version of the matter. Another, on hearing that her daughter's fiancé is seriously, perhaps mortally, wounded, declares in the presence of her discomfited daughter that, “after all, it is rather a blessing.” An attempt, however, is made at poetical justice, and one mother (the number of mothers in the book is rather confusing) has a son of whom we are told that “all the barriers she set up he knocked down like nine-pins.” The nearest approach to a subtle situation is in the sudden reciprocal affection of a father and daughter who have been separated since the daughter's infancy. The villain's daughter loves her father's victim. The details of her situation are well dealt with, and all ends with remarkable neatness, the virtuous being rewarded and the evildoers also receiving their due. Though the plot is sufficiently well conceived to make the book very readable, it could not be ranked as anything but commonplace.

The Little Squire: a Story of Three contains enough about grown-up people to make it attractive to children, and the children in it are described with a charm and pathos that will endear it to older readers. The story is a distorted and too improbable one to be in itself of much value. But to invent a fairly good story is a less unusual accomplishment, we venture to think, than to capture the charm of childhood into words. The social and moral ethics of these three children are wonderfully true to the nature of children in general, and of these three specimens in particular.

The history of *Richard Escott*, “a phenomenally wicked

person,” is written, we are told, by order of one Stainer, a village sage, who remarks, “Tell all the truth about even one man, and the lesson must be good.” We heartily agree with him, but perhaps he somewhat underestimates the difficulty of telling “all the truth.” The author himself states further that what “is perfect truth is perfect art.” With this assertion it is scarcely worth while to quarrel, since neither perfect truth nor perfect art is likely to be attained by struggling humanity for some little while to come. But Mr. Cooper implies that what he writes is perfect truth, inferring thereby that his work is perfect art. On this point opinions may differ. The book, nevertheless, is one which makes it worth while to form an opinion as to its merits after, and not before, reading it. The character of Richard Escott is portrayed with skill. His life is utterly depraved, his ambitions are ignoble, and his actions infamous; yet we are not altogether incredulous on hearing, at the summing-up, that “Richard was capable of the higher life,” although his biography begins when he is forty-six, and whatever capabilities of this better kind he may have originally possessed have long since disappeared. The book is, in fact, the history of “a really clever scoundrel,” and of several of his friends who, if possible, are more degraded than himself. The whole is well put together; and, if not perfect truth nor perfect art, may yet be said to be considerably less devoid of these than are the productions of many novelists.

The first Bulgarian novel which has been translated into the English language, *Under the Yoke*, is introduced to us by Mr. Edmund Gosse in “Heinemann's International Library.” The prefatory notice gives us a most interesting sketch of the author and his career, as well as a eulogistic criticism of his work. This story is the chronicle of one of those abortive attempts, which were made throughout Bulgaria and Roumelia a generation ago, to throw off the intolerable Turkish yoke of tyranny. As Mr. Gosse observes, the first quality which strikes the reader in this book is its freshness. All the ideas, all the sentiments, are those of a nation in its infancy, imbued with the vitality of extreme youth, and devoid of doubt, hesitation, or self-consciousness. Many of the sentiments would elsewhere read like platitudes, but they are expressed with so much naïveté, and are so evidently genuine, that we accept them with patience, even with pleasure, as from the lips of a child. The charm of these qualities is great; but, after being told that Vazoff is the leading writer of Bulgaria, that his place in the history of Bulgarian literature is analogous to that of Chaucer in our own, that *Under the Yoke* is “the earliest work of genius written in an unexhausted language,” that this historical romance is written by one “who lived and fought and suffered through the scenes that he sets himself to chronicle”—after such high praise a disappointment is perhaps almost to be expected. Having realized that the author is himself an ardent patriot, and that his book contains a good deal that is probably autobiographical, we cannot but be surprised that the depth of indignation at the Turkish oppression and the desire for national freedom should not have penetrated this novel with more intensity. It is difficult to judge how much may have been lost in the process of translation—translation from a language “uncultivated and in a state of transition, which possesses no dictionary worthy of the name.” But it would seem that the poetic element and quaint similes would have been the first to suffer from this, while the powerful enthusiasm and passionate patriotism, did they exist in the original, would not efface themselves so readily. On the contrary, however, the book is full of poetry, and displays much beauty, if not much depth, of thought, also considerable insight into character. Its defects lie rather in the lack of power, of vividness, and of reality of impressions.

SOME GERMAN BOOK-PLATES.

A Score of Book-Plates. Designed and Drawn by G. Otto. With a Preface by Frederick Warnecke. London: Grevel & Co. 1894.

Heraldic Book-Plates. Twenty-five Ex-Libris. Invented and Drawn by Professor A. M. Hildebrandt. London: Grevel & Co. 1894.

Symbolical Book-Plates. Twenty-five Ex-Libris. Designed and Drawn by Clemens Kissel, Mayence. London: Grevel & Co. 1894.

THE elaboration of artistic labels destined to proclaim book-ownership has, of late years, apparently become a recognized and almost distinct branch of the engraving trade. In this connexion it is curious to note that the Germans, who, in the early days of the printed book, were undoubtedly the prime devisers of “book-plates,” seem to have been among the last influenced by the revival of popular taste for these symbolical conceits. But, with characteristic national thoroughness, they are now devoting much of their inventive and operative mastery

to this minor department of art. The average type of the modern German book-plate compositions shows undoubtedly many elements of beauty. But the *Alt Deutsch* fashion, the heavy "German renaissance" mode of decorative composition, magnificent as it undoubtedly is when applied to really important heraldic work, is over-rich and ponderous for everyday ornamental purposes. This favourite, and of late years almost all-pervading, "style" clings with unshakable pertinacity to modern German book-plates of every degree.

Among the threescore and ten examples of Ex-Libris devised by the well-known draughtsmen and engravers, George Otto and Professor Hildebrandt, of Berlin, and Clemens Kissel, of Mainz—lately published in book form, by Messrs. Grevel, for the benefit of English *diletanti*—there are not more than half a dozen in which can be discerned the lighter spirit of modern decorative treatment.

The title selected by Clemens Kissel is somewhat misleading. There is no more special symbolism about this particular artist's designs than in Otto or Hildebrandt plates. In fact, purely and severely heraldic plates such as are familiar to the majority of English book-owners are apparently quite the exception in Germany, where the tendency of engravers is to seek for original treatment, from the decorative point of view, of arms, ciphers, and other personal devices. Of purely symbolical compositions, after the manner of Erat Harrison, G. R. Halkett, or Leslie Brooke, in this country, we do not know a single example in Germany. Herr Kissel's Ex-Libris, without differing markedly in point of originality from the work of other good engravers in his land, are pleasing both in composition and execution; but his heraldry is apt at times to be governed more by exuberance of fancy than by adherence to the strict laws of blazon.

Of the three collections issued by Messrs. Grevel, the best is undoubtedly that of George Otto, a young designer whose refined and imaginative handiwork is already familiar to all readers of Herr Warnecke's sumptuous heraldic treatise. The Ex-Libris designed by this excellent artist for the German Empress is a charming device, most daintily composed; such is also the very quaint plate of one Ludwig Löffler, student of philosophy in Jena, very modern in spirit—it bears the sentiment, very singular on a book-plate: *Viel Bücher, viel Irrthum*—withal subtly fanciful. Professor Hildebrandt's powerful and otherwise excellent designs are unfortunately marred by too frequent attempts to produce novel effects by combinations of coloured inks. Among his best plates must be reckoned first of all the *Ex-Libris Georgii Starke, Gorlicensis*, which has great "typographic" character, and is well suited to grace a goodly volume of German black-letter; and next to this the book-plate of Ernest, Duke of Saxony, a design which might almost pass for "Jacobean" in this country. It will interest those collectors who are already acquainted with the extraordinary and unsigned token of Prince Ernest zu Leiningen—a label more suggestive at first sight of a playing-card than of a book-plate—to find, on perusal of this little volume, that it was Professor Hildebrandt's handiwork.

BENI HASAN II.

Beni Hasan II. By Percy E. Newberry and G. Willoughby Fraser. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1894.

THE new volume of Mr. Newberry's really monumental work on the rock-cut tombs of Beni Hasan completes the book. We noticed the first volume last July, on which occasion we ventured to make two suggestions. One of them was that in the next volume Mr. Newberry and his coadjutors should give us a larger selection from the hieroglyphic letters which at Beni Hasan, as is well known, attain to a beauty of form and colour very rare elsewhere. The other suggestion was that they should cease to encumber their pages and waste the time of their readers by using a system of transliteration which was far too complicated and was founded on the perfectly gratuitous assumption that, in the first place, we know exactly how the Egyptians pronounced their language four or five thousand years ago, and, secondly, that this pronunciation never varied through the lapse of ages. In the new volume there is a return to "the system of transliteration that has been customary in England for about twenty years." Our suggestions have, therefore, on one point had some effect; on the other, unfortunately, the material was not forthcoming. The beautiful hieroglyphics in the first part were only incidentally copied as portion of a pictured scene. There is still time for a traveller to copy some of these admirable letters, and it would be easy to select those figures which go to form what is not incorrectly called the Egyptian alphabet.

The interesting biography of the Prince of the Oryx nome which was given in the first volume is supplemented in the present

volume with further particulars, with notes of several of his successors, and with a pedigree which shows in a tabular form the succession of these great provincial satraps, their alliances and their children. We learn that the family of Khnemhotep, or Noomhetep, as some write it, ended apparently with two brothers who lived in the reign of Usertsen II., and one of whom, Nehert, inherited from his mother the adjoining nome of the Jackal, or Cynopolis, while the other, Khnemhotep III., succeeded his father in the nome of the Oryx. The biographical particulars are very interesting; but we can only mention here, as pertinent to what we have just remarked about the hieroglyphics, that one of these princes is described as "a master in the art of causing writing to speak."

Mr. Fraser surveyed the tombs of Beni Hasan from the architectural point of view, and his notes are extremely interesting. The famous "proto Doric" pillars were cut into shape in the simplest manner. They were first hewed out square; next, the corners were cut off, thus forming an octagon; and, finally, the corners of the octagon were cut away, leaving the sixteen sides, the planes of which were afterwards, in some case, fluted with a crescent-shaped grinder of hard stone. Mr. Fraser found some undisturbed burials, and portions of the remains of one of the princes who bore the name of Khnemhotep. The skull was remarkable for its generally massive appearance and firm square jaw. "Acting on this belief," he says, "I carefully re-buried it, after building up the door of the tomb chamber with a stone wall." The coffins found were plain chests, those of the nobles being painted in panel patterns, with extracts from the Book of the Dead in hieratic writing. The bodies were mummified and laid with the head to the north. It is much to be hoped that Mr. Newberry and Mr. Fraser will continue their researches. The Egypt Exploration Fund cannot be better employed than in providing materials for such volumes as these; and it is impossible not to think of the eleventh-dynasty tombs fast perishing at El Kab, and the wonderful grottoes opened by General Grenfell at Assouan, which belong in part to the sixth and in part to the twelfth dynasty. Although some of them were explored by Dr. Wallis Budge, the wall paintings and inscriptions have never been completely copied.

BURKE'S LIFE OF BENITO JUAREZ.

A Life of Benito Juarez, Constitutional President of Mexico. By Ulick Ralph Burke, M.A., Author of "A Life of Gonsalvo de Cordova" &c. London and Sydney: Remington & Co. 1894.

A MERE blunder or printer's error is commonly a small matter, but it may be perpetrated on a scale which elevates it to serious dignity. There is such an error of author or printer in this *Life of Benito Juarez*, by Mr. Ulick Burke, in the shape of the description of Don Juan Prim as "Prince de Reusa." The thing, whoever is responsible for it, is colossal. Poor Juanito Prim took his title of Count from his native town of Reus in Catalonia, where he was born of parents in a very humble rank of life. His father was, we believe, a butcher, and his mother, who survived him for many years, was believed to be a witch, who had given her son a charm by which he was, as the soldiers of the Thirty Years' War would have said, "gefroren." How Mr. Burke or his printer contrived to adorn John Prim with the title of that remarkable German family who are all christened Henry, are divided into various lines to the maddening confusion of the genealogist, and are as old as "the Borcks or the Devil," is one of those things which we shall perhaps understand in another and a better world.

If there had been many more slips of the same magnitude in Mr. Burke's "Benito Juarez," it would be a book of masterly inaccuracy. But we do not think that this is the case. Without undertaking to guarantee the accuracy of all Mr. Burke's figures in his account of the complicated financial troubles of the Republic of Mexico, or to assert that he is always quite right in his version of every *pronunciamento*, we are of opinion that he has given a fairly trustworthy history in general lines of what happened during the life of the "Constitutional President." Perhaps he is over and above scornful of such persons as Miramon and Jecker of the bonds, not to mention Napoleon III. and his agents. They were, indeed, for the most part scoundrels or rogues; but, after all, if you make yourself a lamb, the wolves will eat you. If a country is in a chronic welter of anarchy, it must expect that military and financial adventurers will pounce upon it. The defect of Mr. Burke's book is rather that it is not a *Life of Benito Juarez*, but an account of the transactions amid which he lived, and on which it does not appear why he had any material influence. But it may be that this was inevitable, and that no such *Life of Juarez* could be written as can be

written, say, of Lincoln. Mr. Burke speaks much of what his hero did; but from the facts it appears that Don Benito was a person of an "excellent passivity." Once during his earlier career a body of mutinous soldiers broke into his house, and covered him with their rifles. Juarez said no word to them, either good or bad, but stood stolidly facing them with an air of wooden indifference. They did not murder him, and the mutiny collapsed. This may be said to have been his method at all times. Being a pure-blooded Redskin, he had the passive intrepidity of his race. Moreover, he had their instinctive good manners. What particularly distinguishes him is that he was humane, and so averse from shedding blood that, even under the most gross provocation, he would never authorize reprisals against the French or the native supporters of Maximilian. During the extraordinary adventure of the Mexican Empire he continued to behave as he did when the mutineers pointed guns at him. He went on stolidly facing the enemy, and refusing to give in. As the nature of things was on his side, he ended by winning. Then he was personally honest, and would never believe that the game of law and order was up. Therefore, he did his country the service of showing that Mexico could produce a man who did not rule by murder and for the purpose of filling his pocket.

The episode of the Mexican Empire is by far the most interesting part of Mr. Burke's book. It is not a difficult task for him to show what a folly it really was, and how much fraud and brutality there was in the conduct of the French agents. They behaved as they usually do when engaged in extending the influence of France—with unbounded arrogance and the most callous inhumanity. It may be added that they were materially aided by the weakness of Lord John Russell; and that the United States, which endeavoured to make a good thing out of the necessities of Mexico, had very little to boast of in their share of the story. Mr. Burke is very scornful towards Maximilian. As the poor Archduke paid for his errors with his life, we think that even a biographer of Benito Juarez might be more tender to him. It must, however, be allowed that it is difficult not to become impatient with him. Whether the Mexican adventure could have been other than a failure or not, it is certain that he was the last man in the world to make it succeed. He possessed in an eminent degree the paradoxical, but common, combination of obstinacy and weakness. He was obstinate in his determination to do a thing, but could never remain constant for any length of time to any practical way of doing it. He had, too, the vanity which goes with that stamp of character. No words can exaggerate his folly in quarrelling with the French. Being vain, he was also liable to be ferocious and shift, and once or twice he was both. He certainly endeavoured to deceive Juarez as to his abdication, after his capture at Querétaro, and his decree ordering the execution of all Mexicans taken in arms was monstrous from a man who on the most severe monarchical principles had no "divine right." As he chose to make it "bad war," he could not complain when the Mexicans gave him no quarter. One of his most fatal defects was a mania for red-tape and for regulating mere details. He would spend days in drawing up the laws of a new order of knighthood, or in arranging the ceremonial for the maids of honour when the Empress went to church. Though exceedingly despotic in his habits, he was addicted to playing fast and loose with Liberalism. In short, he was probably the most unfit man in the world for the place into which he rushed with that practical folly which is so often found in combination with great surface cleverness and elegant accomplishments.

STANFORD'S LONDON ATLAS AND OTHER BOOKS OF GEOGRAPHY.

The London Atlas of Universal Geography. London: Stanford. 1894.

Philip's Systematic Atlas. London: Philip. 1894.

The Graphic Atlas and Gazetteer. By J. G. Bartholomew. London: Walker. 1894.

Historical Geography of the British Colonies. By C. P. Lucas. Vols. II. and III. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1894.

WE have followed the career of Stanford's *London Atlas* with a great deal of interest from the time when it was a cheap and modest, but very excellent, quarto. In the Jubilee year it (after some previous smaller enlargements, if we mistake not) bulged (though not "beyond the line of beauty") into a very stately folio, and the second issue of this folio edition now appears, enlarged and improved in divers ways. It is now, of course, not cheap—that is to say, not positively—relatively it is at least as cheap as any atlas that we have ever seen; while it yields, we should think, to none, and we are certain to very few, in range of design and excellence of accomplishment. It is, moreover, we believe, purely and exclusively English work, the maps having

been in all cases drawn and engraved for the purpose by artists in England. One small mechanical change we are particularly glad to see, and that is the abolition of the thumb-index. It may have been useful in a way, no doubt, though to persons of tolerably alert eyes, fingers, and brains the assistance that it gave was not very material. It could not but be, as Mr. Stanford says, a "dust-trap." But the worst of such things is that no ingenuity in preparation and no carefulness in use can save them from acquiring, and that pretty rapidly, a slovenly, dog-eared, dirty appearance. Now, a man does not buy a twelve-pound atlas for a few months' use only, and it is very desirable that the material, structure, and design of such an atlas should be, in the first place as strong, and in the second place as neat, as possible. The *London* was always strong; but the loss of its "thumb-ears" has vastly improved it in neatness.

In the actual maps, besides a good deal of minor improvement and working up to date, there are several positive novelties. Among these are a new map of Europe; new single-sheet maps of the three kingdoms, without mountains, so as to make the names on this comparatively small scale clearer; and a new four-sheet map or plan of London. This last addition is a deference to a system—not new, since it was adopted in the old *Atlas of the Society-for-the-Diffusion-of-Useful-Knowledge*, the best of its day—but recently restored to favour, of supplementing, in general atlases, maps of countries by plans of towns. There is no conceivable reason why the two classes of information should be kept apart, and many why they should be combined. There are also new separate maps of the Channel Islands and the Canaries, both in their different degrees and distances places of increasing resort to Englishmen. The maps of Switzerland and of Turkey in Asia have been replaced by others. And, lastly, the political requirements, not merely of the moment, but probably of future moments, have been consulted, by adding special maps of the Pamir district, of Siam, and of Madagascar; the commercial requirements by maps of the Argentine Republic and of New Guinea. We have known it questioned whether accidental prominences of this kind ought to have weight in determining the distribution of plates in a permanent atlas. But this is surely very shortsighted. An atlas is a companion to history, and though there may be a time when a place first comes into historical importance, there can hardly come one when it altogether loses that importance. In the case of the districts just mentioned, there is little fear or hope, as the case may be, that they will soon cease to fill the newspapers. Delimitation questions in Siam and on the Pamirs have, of course, made it impossible to lay down things there with absolute certainty; but the position is made clear enough to any intelligent reader. We should add that the index has been constructed on the liberal and sensible principle of including some places not absolutely inscribed on the maps. Of the execution generally we need say little, except that it is quite worthy of Mr. Stanford's high cartographical reputation, and that, as we have already remarked, it puts the *Atlas* by the side, at least, of any now existing.

Two other atlases which we have before us challenge comparison with the *London* rather in its earlier and undeveloped state than with its present magnificence; but they are both very good of their kind, and very cheap, while both are free from the defects which make a very small atlas useless for any but school purposes, and not particularly useful for those. The *Systematic Atlas* is definitely planned for educational use by the experienced hands of Mr. Scott Keltie, Mr. Mackinder, and its more special editor, Mr. Ravenstein; and they have done their work very well indeed. The main object in such a book is, or ought to be, to give as much information as possible by an ingenious use of colouring and typographical devices, without leading to the confusion and bewilderment which a too lavish employment of these "dodges" is apt to bring about. Every advantage has also been taken of spare corners to insert small maps of towns and special districts; and there is a good and very clearly printed index.

The *Graphic Atlas*, on the other hand, which has the additional title "and Gazetteer," appears to be specially intended for the shelves of those who want a good reference atlas not of unwieldy size or very expensive. Its format is a not very large quarto; but it is of a good thickness, and the very large number of maps (128 in all) enables countries to be given on a scale usually possible only in atlases of much larger size. The Gazetteer, which fills nearly three hundred pages, is arranged, not on the usual, and to some innocent or short-sighted folk very trying, latitude and longitude principle, but thus:—

'Ackenthwaite, hamlet. England. Heversham par. Westmoreland.

Achiras, vill. Argentine Rep. 300 miles N.W. Buenos Ayres. Mines.

This system, or combination of systems, enables a vast amount of information to be given—indeed, we have seen no better compendium of geographical reference for those whose purses and shelf-room are both limited, yet who “want to know” pretty minutely and pretty accurately.

We are not very rich in geographical works of the higher kind in England, though certainly no country has, and probably not all the countries of Europe put together have, contributed so much knowledge of the subject by going up and down on the earth and walking to and fro in it. Against Malte-Brun long ago and M. Reclus lately we have little to set, though there are few better books, size and scale considered, than Mr. Stanford's six-volume *Compendium*. For some years past, however, Mr. C. P. Lucas, of the Colonial Office, has been engaged with the Clarendon Press on a work in historical geography which is worthy of the country and the University of Hakluyt. This is an *Historical Geography of the British Colonies*, the two latest volumes of which are before us. Their subjects—the West Indies and West Africa—are very closely connected, so closely, indeed, that the South Atlantic might seem to a fanciful student to be covered backwards and forwards with a sort of lacing of zigzag communications between them. Our early traders were constantly driven by the chances of the sea and the hope of gain to the one as well as to the other, and the sea route between the two was short and easy. Extreme abolitionists have probably been driven into a partial Manicheism by reflecting on this latter fact, in combination with the other, that, while the West Indies and the Spanish Main abounded in precious products, requiring severe labour, but furnished an indigenous population quite unable to bear hard work or survive European contact, West Africa pululated with human growth of a low type intellectually and æsthetically, but hardy, capable of being made to work if not naturally inclined to it, thoroughly proof against tropical or sub-tropical heat, prolific, not by any means intractable, and, to crown the whole, so infinitely and irreconcilably divided in its native States and communities that no formidable joint opposition to foreign kidnapping was to be feared, while, on the contrary, every tribal chief was only too happy to sell his prisoners, not to mention his own subjects, to the first rather than the highest bidder, slavery being an immemorial domestic institution.

Even those who are by no means fanatic and ear-stopped abhorers of this institution may admit that the slave-trade, if not slavery, lent itself to abuse with some ease; yet, such as it was, it knit West Indian and West African interests together for the best part of three hundred years. Nor did even Abolition cut the connexion. The efforts, indeed, to “repatriate” the slaves in Africa have not been exactly fortunate. But the formation and employment of our West India regiments as the chief garrison and defence of the West African colonies have brought about an odd revenge of time. For the men who defend the natives of West Africa from slave raiders and maintain them in the peaceful and quasi-civilized enjoyment of their lives and goods are nominally at least the descendants of the very West Africans who were kidnapped or purchased from these coasts centuries before.

Both these volumes are almost of necessity interesting; but equally of necessity the West Indian volume is the more interesting of the two. Our West African colonies have but a kite-and-crow history, and appear to have been pretty constantly under the influence of bad luck. None of our long series of little wars displays so few triumphs or so little profit of any kind as that with the Ashantees. Of late years, we have let the French and the Germans encroach upon, split, and hem in our Guinea colonies to an extent dangerous from a military and unprofitable from a commercial point of view, though it must be admitted that the singularly vigorous and successful enterprise of the Royal Niger Company is a bright spot, and something more than a spot, to set against the darkness. Still, there are curious things, old and new, about the districts—the memories of St. Helena and Cape Coast Castle; H.M.S. *Ascension*, that volcanic man-of-war, eight miles long and six in beam; the rocks of Tristan d'Acunha, loneliest of inhabited groups, and so forth. And Mr. Lucas's book may do something to enlighten the darkness of the English mind on what has been going on in West Africa. It will certainly revive the regrets of those who remember that nearly twenty years ago we might have “swapped” the Gambia—never of much use or profit to us, completely encircled by French possessions, and at this moment the seat of a troublesome war—for all French claims between Sierra Leone and the Niger, thereby saving ourselves both the Ivory Coast and Dahomey.

The story of the West Indies is, of course, far more interesting both on the purely geographical and on the historical side. Whether a view of their present condition is altogether encouraging may depend on the capacity or incapacity of the looker

to take views both short and sanguine. On the one hand, persons inclined to Jingoism will deplore the reckless generosity which induced us to give back Havana, Martinique, Guadeloupe, and other places to our rivals; the economist who is not troubled with Britannic cant will marvel over the fad which made us ruin the islands twice over—first by Abolition, and then by Free-trade. But more cheerful features are not wanting even in the present, though the increasing gravitation of West Indian trade from England to the United States will not please the patriot. And the history till recently is on the whole agreeable, and wonderfully diversified with triumphs by land and sea, with such curious passages as the buccaneer epoch at Jamaica, as the unique spectacle of Barbados, an original, unconquered, and still flourishing little England beyond the Atlantic, as the last remnant of the Carib race at Dominica, and a hundred or a thousand things, persons, and places of interest.

It will be seen from the remarks already made that Mr. Lucas has attended duly to the adjective as well as to the substantive of his title, that his book is historical as well as geographical. It is statistical as well, and indeed no aspect of the subject as usually handled is neglected. The volumes, which are of an octavo size and handy, though well filled, have plentiful map-illustration, and Mr. Lucas, who appears not merely to have utilized his own position at the Colonial Office, but to have obtained the assistance of the best specialists, has arranged his various information in a remarkably clear and workmanlike fashion. It is a book pleasant to read “straight on,” and for reference quite excellent.

TALES OF A NOMAD.

Tales of a Nomad; or, Sport and Strife. By Charles Montague. London: Longmans & Co. 1894.

THE Nomad's Tales are lively episodes of wild sport and irregular warfare, chiefly in South Africa. The “Ride for Life” is a good example of Mr. Montague's graphic style, which makes us vividly realize the situations and the surroundings. It tells how he and a comrade in a frontier force volunteered to go on a perilous scouting expedition, how they made their stealthy approach on horseback in the darkness, and felt, when they had gone slightly astray on the wooded heights commanding the fortified villages, that their fate trembled in the balance. For they had trodden unwittingly upon cultivated land, and it was only too likely that the *spoof* would be discovered next day when the women went out to work. So it was. The war drums beat, the population swarmed to arms, and the two white horsemen had to gallop for the only issue from their ugly scrape, with many a pack of fierce savages bay-ing at their heels. Scarcely less thrilling are some of the incidents of encounters with buffaloes. Mr. Montague holds the African buffalo is the noblest game in existence. It is almost certain that he is the most dangerous, especially when followed up into the thickets and thorn scrubs whither he retreats when wounded. There is small chance of eluding his ferocious charge; and even when you shoot straight the sweep of the heavy horns makes the low forehead nearly ball-proof. Though his mood may be furious, he makes his charge with the coolness of malignant judgment, and more than once Mr. Montague nearly left his bones in the veldt, like some of his less lucky sporting comrades. Sea-cow shooting is safe enough; but it has the drawback that the rivers the beasts frequent are infested by crocodiles. Consequently, when a body is to be retrieved for the sake of the hide and ivory, the Caffres attending the sportsman run considerable risk. The lion, although stay-at-home zoologists have sadly traduced him, is also an excessively awkward customer. Mr. Montague, by the way, mentions a curious illustration of leonine sagacity, and if he does not altogether subscribe to it himself, he says that it is almost universally believed. When feeding on the game he has struck down, the lion is pestered by the hungry hyenas. He tosses towards them a piece of meat, then another is thrown somewhat nearer; the third time the flesh falls within reach of an easy spring, when his lordship makes a terrible example, *pour encourager les autres*.

“The Storming of Secocoeni's” gives an excellent notion of frontier politics and of frontier fighting, with its peculiar perils. We are told the chief went to war, or rather provoked war and reprisals, because labour at the Diamond Diggings had furnished his followers with the means of buying muskets and ammunition. He deemed himself strong enough to defy the whites, and so he took to raiding cattle wholesale. In fact, he knew he could always fall back upon a very formidable natural fortress. Mr. Montague describes the complicated defences of a mountain scarred over with *schanzes* and honeycombed with caves and holes, which taxed all the resources of the powerful and well-

equipped expedition under Sir Garnet Wolseley. He pronounces the native soldiers almost worthless, except to divert the enemy's fire, if they can be persuaded to expose themselves; but he bestows almost unlimited praise on the colonial irregulars, and more especially on the Africanders. Indeed, he speaks of the Africanders and of the Boers as well in very different language from that used by most English writers. The White frontier-men and English soldiers did most of the storming of Secocoeni's; and dangerous and irritating work it was. For the Basutos still lay close, with dogged resolution, during the advance, and fired at the assailants point-blank from stony ambushes. As for the position, "Basutos generally build their towns in places more adapted for monkeys than for men to live in. I know nothing more trying to the nerves than attacking a Basuto stronghold. You do not see your enemy; but the whistling of the bullets around you makes it painfully apparent that the enemy sees you." There is a good story of the remark of a friendly Zulu warrior when the fighting was over. He had thoroughly enjoyed the fun, and exclaimed in high spirits, at the prospect of having more of it, "The English General is a lion; I shall certainly come again next season." Nor was it easy—or, indeed, possible—to make the unsophisticated savage understand that the English only went to war reluctantly, and for just grievances, and consequently at very uncertain intervals.

THE STORY OF THE SUN.

The Story of the Sun. By Sir Robert Ball, LL.D. London: Cassell & Co. 1893.

THERE can be no question that when, in the distant future, the history of science in the nineteenth century comes to be written, it will be freely acknowledged that among the many triumphs achieved during the last quarter of it the various discoveries bearing upon solar physics will hold a prominent place.

So much of the new knowledge has already been assimilated and admirably dealt with in text-books and volumes, like the one under notice, of a popular kind, that it is already difficult to go back some five and twenty years, and realize how little was then known. It was in the year 1868, a little over twenty-five years ago, that the method of observation which has been most fruitful of results was effectively introduced. This method, which consists in the application of the spectroscope to the study of the various parts and phenomena of the sun, has supplied us with physical and chemical data which have to a large extent revealed the true nature of our central luminary. As a result, the cool habitable globe under the shining envelope and all the old Herschelian apparatus of the solar atmosphere have disappeared. In place of them, we now know that we have to deal with a fiery globe, the temperature of which, highest at the centre, is such that even near its confines the atmosphere is built up, not of aqueous vapour as with us, but of the vapour of iron and other metallic substances. Having to deal with vapours, it was easy for the spectroscopist to gain a general idea of the solar chemistry by observations of ordinary sunlight without looking at the sun at all, and this work had been admirably done before the date referred to above. Afterwards came the laborious and minute inquiry into the chemistry of the solar surface and its surroundings. Spots, facule, chromosphere, prominences, corona, all were in turn compelled to yield up their secrets, and so soon as *local solar chemistry* was thus established, the positions of the various special vapours—for they were not all mixed together—and their changes of position were utilized for a more minute inquiry than had heretofore been possible into *local solar physics*. This combined physico-chemical inquiry has enabled us moderns to get some very definite glimpses into what goes on on the solar surface and in the surrounding atmosphere; the scale of operation is known to us, although it is so vast that our minds fail to grasp it; the cycle in which the various operations run through a more or less definite course and then recommence is known to us; the operations themselves are familiar to us as spectacles, but their causes have eluded our inquiry. We are perpetually face to face with phenomena for which different reasons have been assigned by different authorities, and these reasons are not slightly but fundamentally different. Worse than all, the spectroscopic principles on which the work was founded have broken down in the course of the inquiry, and that branch of science which was to read for us the riddle of the sun really turns out to be an instrument which we do not yet know how to use, so great appears to be our ignorance where everything once seemed to be so clear.

In a word, the *Story of the Sun* is in process of unravelment, like many other stories and histories, and the present interest in it lies not in those parts of it which have already been admirably set forth, but in the borderland where the pioneers are quietly

but steadily advancing in spite of the difficulties in front of them.

Looking at the story of the sun from this point of view, the book under notice is disappointing, since it is marred by the almost entire absence of references to the real burning questions in solar physics, such as the cause of prominences, of the changes of the spectra of sun-spots, of the simple spectra of the chromosphere recorded by Iacchini, and of the gradual change in the latitude of spots during the sun-spot cycle. As a result the story which the author tells is not the story of the sun, but a story round about the sun. Thus we find in this story of the sun the story of the Great Ice Age over again, the "seasonin'" (to quote Dickens's *pieman*) consisting of the new title, "The Seasons, Past and Present"; while the story of the heavens is represented by chapters on the Solar System, Eclipses (those of the moon being illustrated by a capital lantern-slide), the Transit of Venus, and so forth. But perhaps the clever way in which Sir R. Ball has economized his material is best seen by comparing the index of the present volume with that of *The Story of the Heavens*. Even the little satellites of Mars and the discovery of asteroids by photography have not been omitted.

It will be obvious, therefore, that we can scarce accept the volume under notice as a serious contribution to astronomical literature. Indeed, we only found one reference of any length to any paper which has been published by the Royal Society during the last thirty years, and that reference is to a paper by a countryman of the author's, written before any of the present methods of investigation of the separate parts of the sun were invented. With such an origin, and such an antiquity, the paper is so strongly recommended to the author that the "line of reasoning" touching the existence of certain currents in the solar atmosphere and the existence of carbon in the photosphere is expanded into a whole chapter, in which not one word is said about the actual observations made by workers in solar physics during the last quarter of a century.

In no part of the book, perhaps, is the author's imperfect grasp of the meaning of the work actually being done at present so astounding as in the chapter on the Sun as a Star. From the time of Rutherford and Secchi the stars have been classified by means of the spectroscope, so that years ago the stars that resembled the sun in physical constitution, and those which differed very widely from it, were catalogued and classified. More recently, at the Cambridge Observatory (United States) and at Kensington, special efforts have been made to make this classification as perfect as possible by increasing the number of bodies classified and by studying minute differences as we pass not only from type to type, but from star to star. Sir Robert Ball contents himself by giving Secchi's classification with scarcely any of the later developments, all of which help us to assign with greater certainty the sun's place among the stars; and he accompanies his meagre statement with diagrams of the spectra of stars which are enough to make a tiro's hair stand on end, and utterly fail to give the requisite information.

Still, it must be freely confessed that the book is not all shoddy; there are some chapters in it quite in place in a book under the title chosen, and the treatment of the subject-matter of them is admirable—that on "the heat of the sun" may be taken as an example. The clearness of the author's style and the concrete images he employs for aiding the grasp of abstract conceptions have been fully recognized in his former works, and there is no falling off in the present one. We think, however, that in some cases where he colourably imitates old illustrations he had better have left it alone. Thus Sir George Airy imagined a shot from a fort passing through a ship to illustrate the aberration of light. We here find a bullet passing through a railway carriage—this is no improvement, and the diagram to illustrate it is so faulty that it had better have been omitted.

TWO BOOKS ON MUSIC.

Masters of French Music. By Arthur Hervey. London: Osgood, Melville, & Co. 1894.

Medieval Music. By Robert Charles Hope, F.S.A., F.R.S.L. London: Elliot Stock. 1894.

MR. HERVEY'S *Masters of French Music* is the second of the series dealing with "Masters of Contemporary Music," and, though less disappointing than its predecessor, the book will not, we fear, leave a more permanent mark in musical literature. We have no quarrel with the author, who has accomplished his work conscientiously, and who, within the limits, or rather the limitations, of an awkward task has done everything that could be done; the exception we take is as regards those very limitations. When the publication was first announced, the difficulties of

dealing with the subject-matter—living composers and their works—were obvious. First, there was the problem of selection—who should be considered “master” of contemporary music, and who should not. This difficulty overcome, the next to cope with was how to handle the material selected. Biographical sketches, catalogues of compositions, and opinions—such seems to be the general plan of the series; but it is not a good one. Biographies and catalogues must be perforce incomplete in the case of living composers, and an opinion formulated whilst a creative career is still in progress is hardly worth registering in book form. Given thus, it amounts to judgment—ever unsafe in the case of contemporaries—and, based, as it must be, on incomplete information, it is fatally useless. If it is at all possible or necessary that some eight or ten lives, and as many activities, should be squeezed into “little volumes,” then the method employed should repose on other data. The work achieved—*l'œuvre*—of each composer should be analysed, with a view of tracing the progress, or rather the evolution, of his talent; and, if an insight is gained into the manner, the style, the method, and the philosophy of conception of each master, and any deductions arrived at, either taking each man individually or by comparison with others, these deductions should be stated. How this might be done is no province of ours to indicate; but that *ceci* should have been done *comme ceci*, and not *comme cela*, Mr. Hervey himself is well aware of, and he says as much in his preface:—“The reader who turns to these pages with the idea of finding therein a large and exhaustive account of the composers mentioned, with a technical analysis of their works, will, I fear, be disappointed.” Such is our case; but a less fastidious reader may be safely recommended the perusal of Mr. Hervey’s “little volume,” whilst the uninitiated are sure to find in it much useful information and details worth remembering.

Essays on Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Reyher, Bruneau, and a chapter bearing the curious title of “Some Other French Composers,” form the substance of Mr. Hervey’s book. There is nothing to be said about the chronological document of each essay and not much about the opinions formulated, except, perhaps, that Fétis is great and Jullien is his prophet. The best essay is that on Bruneau, whose works Mr. Hervey has evidently lived—the least satisfactory that on Gounod. Mr. Hervey follows the fashion sprung up quite lately of calling Gounod’s music “sensuous.” Why? Full of sentiment, always; impassioned, very often; sensuous, never. At least if—without going to the *Liebes-Tod* or to the *Venusberg* for models—we take with the author Massenet’s music to be sensuous, then Gounod is not. But that is only an opinion, after all; a satisfaction to which the author is welcome as M. Tartempion. We are surprised to find, as we go through the book, certain slips in definition and nomenclature, curious in the work of so accomplished a musician as Mr. Hervey. A writer may be excused if for want of a special term he confounds the *motif typique* with the *motif rappelle* when dealing with the *leit motiv* system, thus preventing himself from drawing comparisons between the styles of works like *Esclarmonde* and *Ascanio*, and *Le Mage* and *Henry VIII*. But it is strange to see a specialist misuse the term *melody* (which, technically speaking, is but a succession of notes), speak of the “commencement and end of last act,” call a *proposita* a *solo*, and so on. We confess, also, not to understand why, out of all the orchestral scores, that of *Samson et Dalila* should have been awarded alone the distinction of being quoted in full, a third flute being the only important addition to what the author terms “a powerful engine of sound.” *Un peu mille huit cent trente ça—hein?* Massenet’s *Le Mage* might have been mentioned with more advantage as introducing quite a newcomer in theatrical orchestras, the *sarrusophone contrebasse*, an instrument which will without any doubt supersede the double bassoon; or the Spanish *cornettinas*, tiny trumpets of an almost impertinent sonority. It might have been pointed out, also, how in Paladilhe’s *Patrie* the sound of the tocsin is produced by a one-string instrument manufactured *ad hoc*, and how Saint-Saëns writes the xylophone part in his *Danse Macabre*, without any apparent reason, one octave below the real sounds. With all that, Mr. Hervey’s book has its merits, and the abundance of information it contains, and the perfect good faith of the author, should make it desirable reading for that class of public for which it was designed.

Mr. Hope’s *Medieval Music* is a compilation devised to solve and elucidate all the obscure points and problems of some twenty or thirty centuries of music in 157 pages. The effort is earnest and sincere, but it cannot be said to be successful. The author suffers from a plethora of information and erudition, and simply smothers his subject under both, without the least knack of system or order. Though the book is presented as an elementary treatise on mediæval music, and meant as such for the uninitiated, still the subject is important enough to engross the atten-

tion of the specialist as well. It is, therefore, disappointing to find that, after a careful and conscientious perusal of the work, we come to the conclusion that both the expert and the layman are left very much as they were before wading through the pages of Mr. Hope’s compilation. Over one hundred volumes were put under contribution to enable the author to write his *plaque* of 157 pages; the bibliographical index takes us from Plutarch, Ptolemy, and Euclid to the *Musical News* of to-day, passing through Da Corte’s *Storia di Verona*, the *Newberry House Magazine*, and *Notes and Queries*. True, some of the works are dragged into the index for no other purpose than for the sake of a single quotation, which is neither here nor there. Thus, three volumes of *Sacristy* figure gravely between Rowbotham’s *History of Music* and Stainer and Barrett’s *Dictionary of Musical Terms* because Mr. Hope thought it necessary to quote the following childish phrase from the publication:—“Greek music is an almost insoluble problem. It was complicated to a degree.” *The History of Verona* serves for the repetition of a silly anecdote; Mendelssohn’s Letters are put under contribution to corroborate the author’s objection to the Gregorian Chant, and so on.

There can be no mistake as to Mr. Hope’s intimate acquaintance with his subject, and the great amount of pains he must have taken to bring home to the reader the fruits of his knowledge. Unfortunately, the author has no knack of presenting what he knows, and the absolute absence of a sense of co-ordination prevents the reader from following step by step that evolution in the art of music with which the book deals. Here is an instance of the exasperating propensity of Mr. Hope to go off at a tangent, on the very threshold of the work—the introduction, to wit:—“The Romans had no musical system of their own,” begins the introduction; “they adopted that of Greece.” Here follows through nine pages a digression on Gregorian music, and the chapter is wound up with this astounding admonition:—

‘Let them [the clergy] read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the works of trustworthy musical and liturgical writers, that they may be enabled to see that their choirs are taught to sing with understanding.’

The last sentence in displayed type! And so through the whole work. Here we come across a definition which fairly takes the breath of an expert away:—

‘The lesser or conjunct system comprised the scale of Sappho, the proslambanomenos, or added note below, with the upper tetrachord of Terpander’s later and improved scale, added or conjoined above at *a*, the tetrachords of Sappho and Terpander overlapping and being united or conjoined at E and A.’

Again, a novice will smile on reading, in the course of a learned chapter on the music of the early Greeks, that “the three divisions of instruments are pulsatile (*sic?*), wind and strings”; and how can one keep one’s mirth under control when, in a note to a chapter dealing with the music of ancient Egypt, one is gravely informed that “the Greeks maintained their rhythm by the stamping of the feet of the conductor. The first instance in England of the use of the bâton for conducting was by Haydn!”

To resume. Despite the sincere efforts of Mr. Hope, the result arrived at after a thoughtful study of his book is that the obscure remains obscure, that the doubts are not dispelled, and that the author’s own opinions, “given on mature consideration, where particular information failed,” are not convincing. William Chappell, Gevaert, Westphal, and Bourgault-Ducoudray are yet the only sources of trustworthy information on mediæval and antique music, and Mr. Hope is never more interesting than when quoting from the *History of Music* of the first, and *Les origines du chant liturgique*, &c. of the second.

THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF INDIA.

On the Original Inhabitants of Bharatavarsha, or India. By Gustav Oppert, Ph.D., Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology, Presidency College, Madras, Telugu Translator to Government, Curator, Government Oriental Manuscripts Library, &c. Westminster: Constable & Co.; Leipzig: Otto Harrassowitz.

THERE is enough of ponderous erudition in this work to load six commissariat bullock carts and three elephants forming part of the equipment of the Commissioner of the Jungle Mehala. It is clear that the author is an excellent Sanskrit scholar; that he is familiar with two or more of the Dravidian languages current in Southern India; that he has filled at Madras a post favourable to the study of comparative philology; and that, if not practically conversant with village customs and rural life, he has consulted a vast number of ancient and modern authorities on those subjects, and has availed himself of the Reports of civil and military officials and missionaries who have written copiously

nd correctly about wandering and thievish tribes, local deities, demons, hobgoblins, and ghosts. As so often happens, one result of this omnivorous research is perplexing. There is hardly a page destitute of notes, and they often baffle the reader and dwarf the text. The critic has to pursue a fine-drawn deduction and follow the thread of an ingenious argument from narrative to footnote till he is lost in a labyrinth of bewildering names. There is, we admit, an immense deal of information to be extracted from these six hundred and more pages, and some very curious legends and traditions are recorded. But when we come to results we are compelled to say not only that everything is loose and disjointed, but that Dr. Oppert is at variance with the conclusions arrived at, after much careful investigation, by several of the ripest and most judicious scholars of our age.

We are told, in the preface, that the object is to prove that the Aborigines of India, with exception as to a very small minority, all belong to the same race; that this and not the Aryan race gave to India the title of Bharata, by which to natives it is known at this day; that the Bharatas, as he calls them, may be classed or catalogued as Gauda-Dravidians, of whom the Gaudas are generally to be found in Upper and the Dravidians in Southern India, although in some cases the two exist side by side; and that many apparently irreconcilable differences existing between Bhils and Khonds, Badagras and Todas, Kols and Paharis, and numerous other wild tribes, whether arising out of colour, language, religion, or art (?), can easily be accounted for, by climate, locality, political status, and domestic habits. It is impossible to give even a summary of the fine-drawn arguments by which this learned German attempts to make out his case. Nothing comes amiss to Dr. Oppert. Any similarity in sounds or initial letters is a link between very remote tribes. There is a constant use of such phrases as "most probably," "it is highly probable," "there is no doubt that," "it is by no means improbable that the Kauras of the Central Provinces stand in some relation to the Kurubas, as they appear to belong to the Gonds"; "It seems doubtful whether the term *Mam*, in Mankulattan, should be explained as meaning Earth or Mountain"; and here is by no means an isolated specimen of the sort of reasoning by which Dr. Oppert believes that he has exploded rival theories:—

'Mr. H. B. Grigg appears to contradict himself when, while speaking of the Kurumbas, he says that in the low country they are called Kurubas, or Curubaru, and are divided into families such as the Ane or elephant, Naya or dog, Malé or hill Kurumbas. Such a distinction between mountain Kurumbas and plain Kurumbas cannot be established. The Rev. G. Richter will find it difficult to prove that the Kurubas of Mysore are only called so as shepherds, and that no connexion exists between these Kurubas and the Kurumbas. Mr. Lewis Rice calls the wild tribes, as well as the shepherds, Kurumbas; but seems to overlook' &c. &c.

And so on, at intervals, for a couple of pages.

The contrary theory, which has hitherto found credence about these non-Aryan or aboriginal tribes, is nowhere clearly stated and boldly met. It is briefly this:—Such tribes have no written annals. They occupied large tracts in India long before the Aryan invasion. In Aryan literature they are stigmatized as ogres, *Mlechhas*, demons, haters of Brahmans, disturbers of sacred rites, and relentless enemies of men and gods. That they gradually retreated before the conquering Aryans, who were no doubt Kshatriyas or warriors, from plain to hill range, from Hindostan to the Central Provinces and the South, is a matter of Indian tradition on which nearly all scholars are agreed. But far from being an homogeneous race, or a collection of kindred tribes, or divisible into two main branches, as Dr. Oppert puts it, Kurus and Panchala-Pandavas, they really represent three very different classes of invaders:—(1) The Dravidian; (2) the Kolarian; (3) the Tibeto-Burman groups. The Dravidian, say the best authorities, found their way into the Punjab by the north-western passes, broke up the Kolarians who had come in from the north-eastern passes, and then poured like a mighty torrent over the south. The Tibeto-Burman tribes who, in Central Asia, had dwelt side by side with the ancestors of the Mongolian and the Chinese, came from the north-east and settled in Assam and Eastern Bengal. It is extravagant to suppose that there can be any connexion between tribes that speak the nine languages of the Kolarian group and tribes on the eastern frontier—Nagas, Abors, Mishmis, and Manipuris, and so forth—whose dialects, if akin to any language, are akin to the Burmese and Chinese. For this short résumé we are indebted mainly to the Imperial Gazetteer of Sir William Hunter (vol. vi.), and these views have the support of such authorities as Dr. Caldwell, Sir A. Cunningham, Mr. Beames, Colonel Dalton, the late Sir George Campbell, Mr. R. N. Cust, Mr. E. L. Brandreth, and other competent scholars, who are well aware

that ten nothings will not make a something, and that out of twelve rabbits you cannot produce a hare. On the same side is Sir M. Monier-Williams, in his *Indian Wisdom*. We repeat, then, that Dr. Oppert nowhere fairly meets the above intelligible conclusions, and that his new theory rests, to use an old phrase of Mr. Ruskin's, on materials devoid of point and accumulations which have not resulted in structure.

A considerable portion of the volume is occupied by chapters on Indian Theogony. The deities of the Vedas, the rise of the Hindu Triad—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—the Paramâtma, or Supreme Spirit; Sakti, the personification of Female Energy; and other personages, are discussed at length. Much of this lore is already available and familiar to Oriental scholars. But Dr. Oppert wishes to prove that the aboriginal tribes were of much more importance than is commonly supposed; that from being confined, banished to the jungles, and regarded as outcasts, they again reasserted their rights, and "came to the front"; and, if we rightly apprehend his meaning, that certain figures in the Hindu Pantheon emanate from a purely non-Aryan source, and were eventually assimilated to and incorporated with the later Hindu religion. Here, again, Dr. Oppert goes beyond the researches of some excellent scholars. Sakti, or female energy, he says, is non-Aryan. She is the Amma or divine mother of the non-Aryan population. Even Siva as Bhutesa or Girisa, the Lord of Ghosts and of Mountains, comes from the same second-rate stock. We should rather think it was just the other way, and that the worship of Siva, originating with the Aryans, gradually extended to semi-Hindu and low-caste tribes. Further, against this assumption must be set the opinion of Sir M. Monier-Williams, who holds that Sakti is a later creation of Hinduism, and that she represents the active and not the quiescent principle of that creed. In his *Indian Wisdom*, p. 325, the Boden Professor just alludes to an idea that Siva with his Linga and its abominations was adopted by the Aryans from the aborigines. Whether this be the case or not, Dr. Oppert has not proved it, and we might have been spared some minute and offensive particulars of Linga worship which, as Dr. Johnson said of Swift, suggest ideas from which most men would shrink with disgust. Practically, there is scarcely a dirty or a cruel practice, whether indigenous or acquired, over which Hinduism has not thrown its shield.

A creed which enjoined cruelty to helpless widows has shown itself quite ready to patronize the literature of Smut. As regards widow-burning we are at a loss to conceive on what grounds Dr. Oppert concludes that the later Brahmanical priests did not invent this horrid custom, and "that it must have been known, though not perhaps observed, in Vedic times." How anything not "observed" could become "a custom" we do not quite see, but in the protracted contest about this rite, which extended from 1814 to 1829, no such ancient authority was ever pleaded by pandit, fanatic, or priest. The status of the Hindu widow and her duties were clearly recognized by Manu, whoever he was and whenever he flourished, long after the Vedas. And officials full of zeal and scholars brimful of erudition all agree in regarding Sati (or Suttee) as a more recent invention of interested reversioners and bloodthirsty priests.

Doubts are also thrown on the origin of Buddha. Most scholars believe this reformer to have been the son of a king, a Kshatriya by caste, of the Solar race, and to have studied under Brahmans. Every tradition connected with Buddha, name, ancestry, residence, brief married life, penance, second birth, and renunciation, is Brahmanical to the core. It has remained for Dr. Oppert to unearth him as an aboriginal, because he befriended Mallas and chose to die amongst them. Considering that the great reformer's life was a perpetual warfare against caste, priestly arrogance, and exclusiveness, this is not very surprising. We require something beyond guesses to connect Buddha or Gautama with Mlechhas and jungly tribes who lived by their bows and arrows.

It may, however, be conceded that the aboriginal tribes, though eventually crushed or expelled from the plains by Brahmans and Kshatriyas combined, left considerable traces of their existence in towns, ruins, and forts in Upper India. The Bhars, especially, of whom the author makes much, ruled in Oudh and Gorakhpur. Nor is it denied that in some of these aborigines in our own time excellent soldierly material can be found. Hinduism, too, in dealing with social organization is now thought to have had more adaptability than was originally supposed by Orientalists, who began by treating it as made up of four great castes.

Of one feature in Dr. Oppert's work we can speak very favourably. The labour of correcting the proofs, with hundreds and thousands of native names, must have been immense, and yet there is hardly a misprint. Still, scholars like this ponderous German may be reminded that over-ingenious theories are not necessarily steps in advance. Far too much may be made of such

phrases as "the higher criticism, scientific research, and knowledge brought up to date." Very often the result is purely a see-saw, and after the hazardous advance comes the enforced retreat. It is an old story that we find

—Critics, who other names deface,
And fix their own with labour in their place.
Their own, like others, soon their place resigned,
Or disappeared, and left the first behind.

The closing suggestion that all antagonistic sections in India—Hindus, Kurus, Gaudians and Dravidians, Kurumbas and Mallas—should exchange their several designations for that of "Bharatas" is one which could only have occurred to a Professor. We can, however, recommend it to the Indian National Congress as part of its programme for 1894.

OLD DORSET.

Old Dorset. By Henry Moule, M.A. London: Cassell & Co.

THE love of one's county is, of course, an element of patriotism, and if we were asked to name one who should be unwept, unhonoured, and unsung, our selection would be among those who have lived in a county the greater part of their lives, and yet care nothing about it; to whom its scenery, traditions, dialect, and local events are a matter of indifference. In Mr. Moule's book we have the ideas of an intensely Dorset man about his county. He is "all there," as schoolboys say, and it is a matter of congratulation that the sweet little shire which has never known the smoke of a big town should have found so enthusiastic a chronicler in one of its own natives. A chronicler Mr. Moule is in the strict sense of the word, preferring to gather up his detail from various places under one period rather than to make the time subordinate to the locality. This seems the preferable method. It renders a book at least readable, and many will now know something about their county who would have been deterred by the formidable backs of Hutchins and Warne. These worthy topographers, though invaluable as sources of reference, have managed to invest local history in so unattractive a garb that most younger and many middle-aged readers live their whole lives in ignorance of events of heart-stirring character which have taken place at their very doors, while they occupy themselves with the inane dialogues and conventional episodes in the lives of the faultlessly dressed heroes and heroines of the magazines.

"Who are the Dorset men?" is a question which will receive an answer very much according to the taste and fancy of the respondent. True,

Whate'er they were, they're true-born Dorset now,

we may say, slightly particularizing Defoe's well-known line. It is pleasantly bewildering to read of the Iberi, how Mr. Isaac Taylor thought them cognate to the Etruscans, and how he has changed his mind. The dictum of "Long barrows, long skulls; round barrows, round skulls" can only be appreciated by specialists in barrows. Of whatever value it may be, it is to be feared that the jumble of race against race has obliterated these cephalic distinctions. An ethnological inspector of schools perchance may detect a dolichocephalous Iber among the more long-headed boys and girls in the elementary schools; but, on the whole, our remote ancestry is recorded in a kind of palimpsest, in which the later characters do not seem so to fade away as to afford us a glimpse of the earlier.

Celtic life and Celtic fighting are described with great gusto, though some of Mr. Moule's sentences exhibit peculiarities of structure which would puzzle the juvenile analyst.

In dealing with the all-important Roman period, he frankly acknowledges the paucity of inscriptions, and generally the slender local material at his disposal. The Count of the Saxon Shore is pressed into the service, and pulled as far west as Porchester, so that he shows up at least in the next county. The *Notitia Imperii*, however, ends his jurisdiction at *Portus Adurni*, at the mouth of the Adur, in Sussex. Mr. Moule allots the Count "seven massive strongholds," two less than the original number, and 10,000 men, probably a more or less happy guess. Some inquirers would like to know why Hengist is called an Angle.

The chapter on the name "Dorset," and on the sub-soils of the county, is a very pleasant piece of reading, and bears the stamp of the lover of scenery. By the way, Mr. Moule will find that the name of the county town is according to the best readings *Durnonovaria*, not *Durnocaria*, and the extra syllable may turn out to have etymological importance.

His three great divisions of soil are "chalk in the South, clay in the North, and gravel and sand in the East." Points of the compass, however, are rather provoking in their obstinacy in refusing to conform to arrangements made without their consent; and the noble mass of chalk called Melbury Hill, from the top of which, as a Dorset wag used to say, you may look down the Shaftesbury chimneys and see what the people are cooking for dinner, is certainly pretty far north, nor can it be regarded as isolated from the general calcareous mass. This kind of criticism apart, the chapter and its successors are instructive enough.

The decay in the comparative importance of the county traces back to the Norman Conquest, and some valuable detail is given as to the decrease in the number of houses in the towns between the times of Edward the Confessor and Domesday Book, amounting to nearly one-half in the case of Dorchester.

The removal of the See from Sherborne to Old Sarum, the wanderings of restless John, the ravages of the Black Death, the detention of Philip of Burgundy in 1506, and other remarkable events in the chronicle receive due notice; but the most graphic of the chapters is that which tells the story of the adventures of Charles II. in Dorset after the battle of Worcester. Mr. Christie, in his Life of the first Earl of Shaftesbury, has given the original account of the burning of the house of Colonel Strangways at Abbotsbury in the Great Rebellion. Perhaps Mr. Moule can find room for it in case of a second edition of *Old Dorset* being demanded.

The members of Mr. Moule's class, to whom he modestly dedicates his book, have done more than they purposed by their attention to his lectures. The encouragement afforded thus to their teacher has resulted in a work of sterling value, and of scope beyond the limits of the little county from which the title comes.

THE FLOWERING PLANTS OF INDIA.

The Flowering Plants of Western India. By the Rev. Alexander Kyd Nairne. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

THIS is rather an odd volume. Mr. Nairne used to live in the Bombay Presidency; but he left India fifteen years ago. Under these conditions, it is not to be supposed that his treatise comes up to date as a manual of personal observation. In fact, the author very naively states that he delayed bringing out his book until Sir Joseph Hooker's great work should be completed. It is hard to know for whom Mr. Nairne writes; but he hopes that his text-book will be found useful by district officers in the jungle and by the educated natives. It really does not seem hopeless that to members of each of these classes it may be welcome.

Mr. Nairne aims at a text-book of Indian botany; but he is anxious to gild the educational pill, and he lards the definitions and the conspectus with quotations from the poets. For instance, the bracketed pedicels of the utricularian lenticularia remind Mr. Nairne that Ben Jonson said:—

In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Myristica malabarica recalls the fact that "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand"; and we are told that *Lagerstræmia lanceolata*, when in full bloom, is "as white as Mount Soracte, when winter nights are long." This is all very nice; but if the author knows any reason for believing that, when Milton spoke of "flowers worthy of Paradise, which nature boon Poured forth profuse," he was thinking of *Barringtonia racemosa*, he ought to conceal it from us no longer. We are reminded, as we turn the pages of this book, that Heber was an Indian bishop; and that his descriptions, if too positive and uninspired for poetry, were precise. The minor poets of the beginning of the present century, like Erasmus Darwin and Charlotte Smith, were very fond of minute botanical descriptions; but the science in them was apt to throttle the imagination.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Mémoires du Général Baron Thiébault. Tome II. Paris: Plon.
Le Chevalier de Boufflers et la Comtesse de Sabran. Par Pierre de Croze. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

La diplomatie de Louis XV et le pacte de famille. Par André Foulange-Bodin. Paris: Perrin.

Lettres d'un parlementaire. Par Paul Lafitte. Paris: Ollendorff.

THE second volume of the *Mémoires* of Thiébault contains matter at least as amusing as that of the first, arranged in a story of greater continuity, and one wherein the hero plays a more

conspicuous and creditable part. Thiébault's *bonnes fortunes*, indeed, continue to be prominent in a way which may amuse the cynical and shock the precise. He was not, as a discreet note tells us, fortunate in retaining the affections of his own wife; but the wives of other people exhibited an amiable emulation in consoling him. Forty hours—the time of his sojourn in a German town—sufficed him to carry off the heart of a countess; duchesses pulled caps for him at Rome; while the last fifty pages of the book read like an excerpt from the late James Grant, or even the late Charles Lever. For there Thiébault plays the part of the true military-novel hero, escorting his beloved, a Neapolitan baroness named Pauline Ricciulli, on the retirement, or, to give it plainer terms, the retreat, of the French army from Naples, through all manner of dangers from hostile natives and the French soldiery, who got completely out of hand, doing his duty against the enemy all the while. Indeed, the volume opens with a situation of romance—the narrow escape of Thiébault and certain comrades on their way to join the army of Italy from a Royalist *hôtellerie sanglante* in the wilds of the Gévaudan. But the greater part of it is occupied with an account of the operations in North Italy in 1795; of the occupation of Rome and the curious cabals and mutinies there; of the not very difficult worsting of Mack and his scarcely more capable seconds in command of the Neapolitan regulars, and then of the far different and more terrible fighting against the Neapolitan population. Thiébault unquestionably gained the grade of adjutant-general on the field of battle, and his accounts of the operations are distinguished by a clearness which marks the practised military writer; but, as some of his statements are admittedly contradictory of those of Marshal Macdonald and others, a good deal of sifting and comparison would be required before absolutely accepting them. He evidently had a considerable prejudice against the future Marshal; while he is loud in praise of Championnet, and, in a somewhat less degree, of Duhesme. His account of the furious fighting which attended the capture of Naples itself is remarkably good; and though he is naturally unjust to Queen Caroline, he does full justice to the splendid fighting qualities, in guerrilla at any rate, of her subjects, does not attempt to conceal that the French avenged any "atrocities" with usury, and severely condemns the conduct of the Directory to Mack. Almost the prettiest—at least, the most dramatically pretty—exploit of his own which he recounts took place at the seaport of Manfredonia, where, landsman as he was, he took a Neapolitan corvette of fair size and fully armed, which lay well off shore, with a couple of decked barges manned by disguised French grenadiers. Among the miscellaneous contents of the book may be noticed several anecdotes of the plundering habits of the French, and of a more amiable weakness, the fondness of their officers for schoolboy pranks. Under the former head his confessions range from quite Monsoonish legends of petty pilfering to stories how distinguished generals, from Kellermann downwards, simply looted and levied contributions for their own benefit on every possible occasion. Under the latter, he tells, as other Napoleonic writers have told, of the habit his comrades had, in leaving their quarters, of smashing everything—glass, china, lamps, furniture, and what not. But he tells with most gusto the prank of Captain La Salle—a great hero of his, and a *sabreur* of renown—who, happening to ride one evening at the head of his troop past a palazzo where a ball was going on, halted his men, rode as he was up the marble stairs (not the outside steps merely) of the house, curvetted round the ball-room in time to the music, saluted the alarmed hostess, and rode down again. If French invading armies had nothing worse than madcapperies of this kind to their debit, the Continent of Europe would probably regard France with a little more of that affection the absence of which surprises her so much.

Much has been written about the attachment—first irregular, then regular, but apparently always warm—between Boufflers and Mme. de Sabran. M. de Croze, however, appears to have access to vast stores of unpublished papers, and he has made, without any "spinning out," a fresh volume from the letters and incidents of only four years. It is true they are pretty eventful ones, being the period from just before '89 to just before '93. There is nothing of the very first interest in the book; but it is readable enough.

The Duke of Broglie's revelations of the private diplomacy of the French Crown in the last century were sure to attract followers. M. Soulangue-Bodin has devoted himself to the chapter of the "Family Compact," and has put together a good deal about it from sources published and unpublished, French, English, and German.

Those who wish to see how the present situation and constitution in France exhibit themselves to a moderate Republican with an amiable belief in representative government, universal

suffrage, and all the stock of the political Dulcamara, may find M. Lafitte's *Lettres d'un parlementaire* not uninteresting. Others will wonder how a man, evidently neither a fool nor a mischief-maker, can pay himself thus with words and wind.

We have before us a new stout little English and French vocabulary, edited by MM. Lallemand and Ludwig (London: Hirschfeld). The type is very bold and clear, and the function of a vocabulary as distinguished from a dictionary—that is to say, giving not so much definition as equivalent—is well attended to.

The February number of *Le livre et l'image* contains some pretty bindings and some pretty coloured advertisements as illustrations. The chief separate article is on the late M. Edouard Tricotet, or rather his books.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN his latest collection of essays, *Random Roaming; and other Papers* (Fisher Unwin), the Rev. Dr. Jessopp treats of old times with his wonted skill and geniality. In one of the pleasantest sketches of this pleasant volume the writer observes that he has long intended to write the annals of his parish. That is precisely what every reader of the delightful "Rustic Retrospect," which is a chapter of the Annals of Scarning, would desire of Dr. Jessopp. He need not begin with the Conquest, or some "ten thousand years, at the latest," as he conscientiously hints. There would be ample room for the piquancy of contrast in which he delights to animate his study of country life, rustic humours, and so forth, were his history concerned with the last century and the present. Dr. Jessopp has lived in the past, with a sympathetic eye for the present. With him the antiquarian spirit achieves something more vitally interesting than a rattling of the dead bones or the raising of a cloud of dust, like that which disconcerted Sydney Smith when he thumped the neglected pulpit-cushion. One of the happiest of Dr. Jessopp's recreative essays is entitled "A Fourteenth-century Parson," and is inspired by a book of accounts kept by the factor of the Rev. John Gurney, Rector of Harpley, in Norfolk. The worthy parson and his manner of living are most vividly portrayed in this charming sketch. We suspect there will be pilgrims to Harpley next season among the summer boarders of the Norfolk coast. Another admirable paper deals with the old and almost ineradicable faith in buried treasure, and the magical or divining powers of Dousterswivel and his tribe. In "Hill Digging and Magic" many curious examples are given both of treasures found and of attempts to find by aid of the wizard and his crystal and other apparatus of the black art. If the Norfolk barrows are all worked out, as Dr. Jessopp says, the county has proved richer in "finds" than other parts of England. Perhaps the people inherited the taste for burying treasure, since Danes and Norsemen did the like, as the Sagas tell. The odd thing is that hill-digging with the aid of the professional wise man should have been so long persisted in when there is so little record of the profit of the enterprise. All the really magnificent instances of treasure trove in Norfolk seem to have been purely accidental. Nor are we told of cases in which dreams or ghosts befriended the seeker, as is set forth in both classic and romantic story. From such engaging themes Dr. Jessopp turns to present-day questions in his two concluding essays, one of which embodies "A Scheme for Clergy Pensions," and the other an eloquent plea on behalf of village almshouses. With regard to Clergy Pensions we expect to hear not a little from those chiefly interested, and feel some curiosity as to the reception by the clergy of Dr. Jessopp's suggestions as to compulsory life assurance.

Mr. Aubyn Trevor-Battye's *Pictures in Prose* (Longmans & Co.)—pictures of "Nature, Wild Sport and Humble Life," to give their full title—are distinguished by the effective simplicity of touch and the unlaboured craftsmanship that denote the artist. The scenes they present are typical of many lands and are of very diversified aspect. Yet in one and all of these admirable sketches the natural scene and the incident depicted—whether the sporting reminiscence be of rod or of gun—there is a delightful instancy of effect that carries one out of this present into another present. No angler, we think, could read the charming reminiscences entitled "Memories" without a kind of transport or imbibing a full draught of "pleasure recollected in tranquillity." The like spell is worked by the congenial sketches "In Norfolk by the Sea," "Upon a Day," "Oxford and the Upper River," and "The Procession of Spring." And we are moved by the same sense of a quickening presence in the sketches of remoter scenes, in the great prairies of the West, in

the "Land of the Great Spirit," among Indians and moose-hunters, or in the stimulative picture of life in the depths of Swedish forests, "With Carl of the Hill." The naturalist and the sportsman are as one in Mr. Trevor-Battye. The fidelity of his pictures of nature, and of those who live in nature, is entirely free from the minute and painstaking record of items that defeats the object of picture-making. His sketches are liberal in life, and compact of breadth and harmony.

Mr. John Ashton's *Varia* (Ward & Downey) is as odd an assortment of articles as the title might conceivably cover. Like the incongruous objects in the corner of a *bric-à-brac* shop, they appear to have been brought together to meet the most diverse tastes. Not all of these literary wares deal with subjects of a curious or uncommon kind of interest. "An Extraordinary Career" is simply the story of Benvenuto Cellini—a hash of one of the choicest autobiographical feasts that literature offers. "Childhood's Drama" deals with the miniature stage ministered to by the Skeltes, and Redington, and other famous hands, and recalls Mr. R. L. Stevenson's moving meditation on the same theme. Nor do we learn of Mr. Ashton, in reading his account of Greensted, "the most curious church in England." Every reader of the "Diary" is acquainted with the passion for music that possessed Pepys, and Mr. Ashton succeeds in making the fact impressive, in "Pepys and Music," by quoting the numerous entries in the Diary that refer to the subject. But, surely, no one needs to be reminded that the English were a musical people in the reign of Charles II.? For the rest, the more novel articles in the book are the story of Queen Anne and the Duke of Gloucester, though the paraphrase is too drawn out, and the adventures of Mary Baker, *alias* "the Princess of Javasu," a person who holds, we think, quite second rank in the history of impostors.

The Revival of Irish Literature (Fisher Unwin) is composed of certain addresses, of a more or less fervid character, by Sir C. G. Duffy, Dr. George Sigerson, and Dr. Douglas Hyde. Like some patriotic Americans, from Griswold's day till now, eager to de-Anglicize their literature, Dr. Hyde implores every Irishman, whether Unionist or Nationalist, to "set his face against the constant running to England for books, literature"—we admire the distinction—"music, games, fashions, and ideas." It is curious, too, considering the number of recent Irish histories, that Sir Charles Duffy should complain that he knows "no civilized country, except Ireland, whose history is not familiar to its people."

Under the title *The Discovery of Australia* (Philip & Son) Mr. Albert F. Calvert has compiled an interesting account, in the form of an abstract chronicle, of Australian voyages from the earliest times, such as offers a consecutive survey of the progress of discovery and of geographical knowledge. His book is fully illustrated with reproductions of ancient maps and other charts from Dampier and modern sources.

Hard is it to determine, though less hard to discern by Fancy's aid, the first signs of the dawn of Romanticism in English literature. Mr. William Lyon Phelps, in *The Beginning of the English Romantic Movement* (Boston: Ginn & Co.), is an industrious seeker after such signs, and has cited many specimens, especially with respect to what he terms "the Spenserian revival." His study of the subject is limited to the first sixty-five years of the eighteenth century, from 1700 to 1765. Had he extended the period to the year 1770 he would have embraced the work of Chatterton, and sighted a true auroral flush. That poet, at least, might be quoted as proof of a Spenserian revival, whether we consider the Spenserian quality of his Rowley Poems, or their imitative dexterity—which is much less important. For the rest, however, is there one poet, excepting Thomson, of all the revivalists cited by Mr. Phelps who reveals the Spenserian spirit as a romanticist? Some merely employed the stanza—a mechanical exercise—and others did not even achieve so much, but marred or mutilated it. We are inclined to think that Mr. Phelps makes too much of the view that these poets were too completely sons of the Augustan age to employ the Spenserian stanza in another spirit. There was more of "they could not" than of "they dared not." Chatterton showed himself, at times, to be as Augustan in style and diction as any of them, but he never would have dreamed of using the *Fairy Queen* stanza as the vehicle of satire or mock heroics. He was a poet.

In Messrs. Bell's "English Classics" we have to note an excellent edition, with notes by Mr. K. Deighton, of *Paradise Regained*; Burke's *Regicide Peace*, the first two Letters, with introduction and notes by Mr. H. G. Keene; the perennial *Lays of Ancient Rome*, with judicious preface and notes by Mr. P. Hordern; and *Selections from Pope*, edited with notes by Mr. Deighton, a capital selection, ably annotated, though we like not

all the editorial reflections on the tone of the *Rape of the Lock*. But all our editors seem to be anti-papal in these days.

None of the Waverleys has given rise to such divergent opinions as *St. Ronan's Well*, the handsome "Border" edition of which, published by Mr. Nimmo, is now before us. Mr. Lang relates a pleasant legend which tends to show that, despite the strictures pronounced upon it—strictures, we think, to a great extent ill founded—*St. Ronan's Well* holds a high place in the estimation of Scott's admirers. A number of literary men, it seems, agreed to put to paper the name of their favourite Waverley, and it was found that they had all voted for "St. Ronan's." Without going so far, we should place the story among the first ten. Adverse critics, we think, misliked the unconventional element in the story, not the conventional. They have persisted in regarding it as a novel of the day, a study of manners and "things as they are," ignoring the intensely tragic *motif* that governs the story, and misapprehending the significance of that high romantic creation—Clara Mowbray. It is deplorable, no doubt, that Scott should have weakly submitted to James Ballantyne's bungling interference in what was one of Scott's finest romantic conceptions, and the strongest and most original of his designs. But we can easily bear that design in mind while reading, and shed the preposterous Bowdlerizing of Ballantyne. Mr. Lang objects to "the absurd will of fiction and the conventional Nabob," and on these grounds would not rank the novel "even with the *Monastery* or *Peveril*"—those mediocre productions—though no wills of fiction, it seems to us, could transcend in absurdity the wills of fact. The novel is well illustrated by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, Mr. Hole, Mr. Forestier, and Sir George Reid, whose "Shaws Castle" has an appropriate suggestion of the desolation of the Mowbrays.

Mr. John Murray's *Oxfordshire Handbook* is an excellent compilation, and a boon to travellers who appreciate the advantages of separate guides to the counties. The arrangement of the material as to routes, and so forth, is admirably clear and convenient, while the maps and plans—there are little plans of the Oxford colleges—are of the most serviceable kind.

A further instalment of Year Books is to hand. Of these, *The Engineer's Year Book*, edited by H. R. Kempe (Crosby Lockwood & Son), is a new publication, and one that is deserving of the recognition of every branch of the profession. As a book of reference it meets the demands of all descriptions of engineers—Civil, Marine, Mechanical, Mining, Electrical—with thoroughness and in a practical spirit. The tables, formulae, and other data are exact and comprehensive. The illustrative diagrams, of which there are seven hundred, are in all respects worthy of this valuable and well-designed book.

We have also received *The Year Book of Treatment* for 1894 (Cassell & Co.), a critical review of Medicine and Surgery; *The Mining Manual* for 1894, edited by Mr. Walter R. Skinner, a complete Guide and Directory of Mining Companies; and *The Newspaper Press Directory* (Mitchell & Co.) for the current year.

Among new editions we notice *The Attic Orators*, by Professor R. C. Jebb, two volumes (Macmillan & Co.); Sir William Muir's *Life of Mahomet* (Smith, Elder, & Co.), third edition; *The Oxford Museum*, by H. W. Acland, M.D., and John Ruskin, M.A. (George Allen), reprinted from the original edition, with additions and portrait of the authors; *Celestial Motions*, a Handy Book of Astronomy, by William Thynne Lynn (Stanford), eighth edition, revised; *The Home*, by Frederika Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt (Putnam's Sons); *A Practical Treatise on the Statute of Limitations*, by the late J. G. N. Darby and F. A. Bosanquet (Clowes & Sons), second edition, revised and enlarged by F. A. Bosanquet and J. R. V. Marchant; *The Logic of Hegel*, translated by William Wallace, M.A., LL.D. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press), second edition, two volumes; *A School Course in Heat*, by W. Larden, M.A. (Sampson Low & Co.); *Electricity in the Service of Man*, by R. Wormall, from the German of Dr. Urbanitzky (Cassell & Co.), revised edition by Professor R. M. Walsley, illustrated; *Electricity Up to Date*, by John B. Verity (Warne & Co.); *Against Dogma and Free Will*, and *For Weismannism*, by H. C. Hiller (Williams & Norgate); *Foods for the Fat*, by Dr. Yorke-Davies (Chatto & Windus), sixth edition; *Every Man's Own Lawyer*, by A. Barrister (Crosby Lockwood & Son); and Fenn's *Compendium of the English and Foreign Funds*, rewritten and enlarged by Robert Lucas Nash (Erfingham Wilson & Co.).

We have also received *Calendar of Entries in the Papal Registers*, edited by W. H. Bliss, B.C.L. (Eyre & Spottiswoode), "Papal Letters," 1198-1304; *Calendar of the Patent Rolls*, Edward III., 1330-1334, published by authority (Eyre & Spottiswoode); *Cartularium Monasterii de Ramseya*, edited by William

Henry Hart, F.S.A. (Eyre & Spottiswoode), the third volume of the Ramsey Cartulary; *Comparative Administrative Law*, by Frank J. Goodnow, A.M., LL.B. (Putnam's Sons), two volumes; *Natural Value*, translated from the German of Professor Friedrich von Wieser by Christian A. Malloch, with Preface and Analysis by William Smart, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *The Alchemical Essence and the Chemical Element*, by M. M. Pattison Muir (Longmans & Co.); *The American Journal of Mathematics*, Vol. XVI., No. 1 (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press); *Picture of Wales under the Tudor Period*, by J. Birkbeck Nevins, M.D. (Liverpool: Howell); *The Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects* for January 1894; the *Thirteenth Report, Appendix, Part VII.* of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, referring to the Manuscripts of the Earl of Lonsdale (Eyre & Spottiswoode); Part VI. of *Dictionary of Political Economy*, edited by R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S. (Macmillan & Co.); *The Journal of Philology*, No. 43, edited by W. Aldis Wright, Ingram Bywater, and Henry Jackson (Macmillan & Co.); the late J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People*, Parts XXVII.-XXIX., illustrated edition (Macmillan & Co.); Part XXXVII. of Cassell's *Storehouse of General Information* (Cassell & Co.); the *Annual Report of Musketry Instruction in India for 1892-93* (Simla: Government Central Office); *Inorganic Chemistry for Beginners*, by Sir Henry Roscoe and Joseph Lunt (Macmillan & Co.); *Science and Religion*, by George Combe (Cassell & Co.); *Modern Plane Geometry*, by G. Richardson and A. S. Ramsey (Macmillan & Co.); *Infectious Diseases, Notification and Prevention*, by Louis C. Parkes, M.D. (H. K. Lewis); and *The Rise of Modern Democracy*, translated by Mrs. Birkbeck Hill from the French of Dr. Charles Borgeaud (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.).

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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The Examiners above named are re-eligible, and intend to offer themselves for re-election. Candidates must send in their Names to the Registrar, with any attestation of their qualifications they may think desirable, on or before THURSDAY, MARCH 27. (It is particularly desired by the Senate that no personal application of any kind be made to its individual Members.)
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